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The LUDGATE MONTHLY

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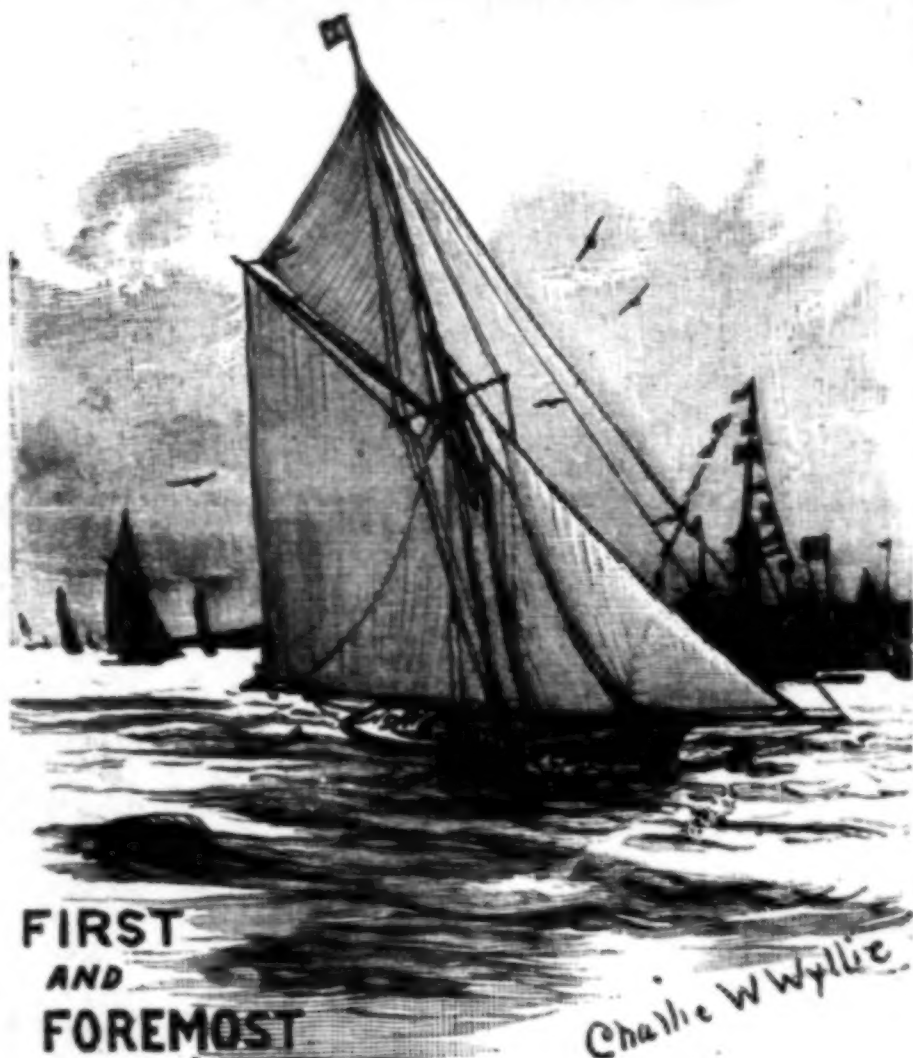
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Vol. 1, No. 1.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
Published at LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

MAY, 1891.



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**3
STOPS**

**3
STOPS**



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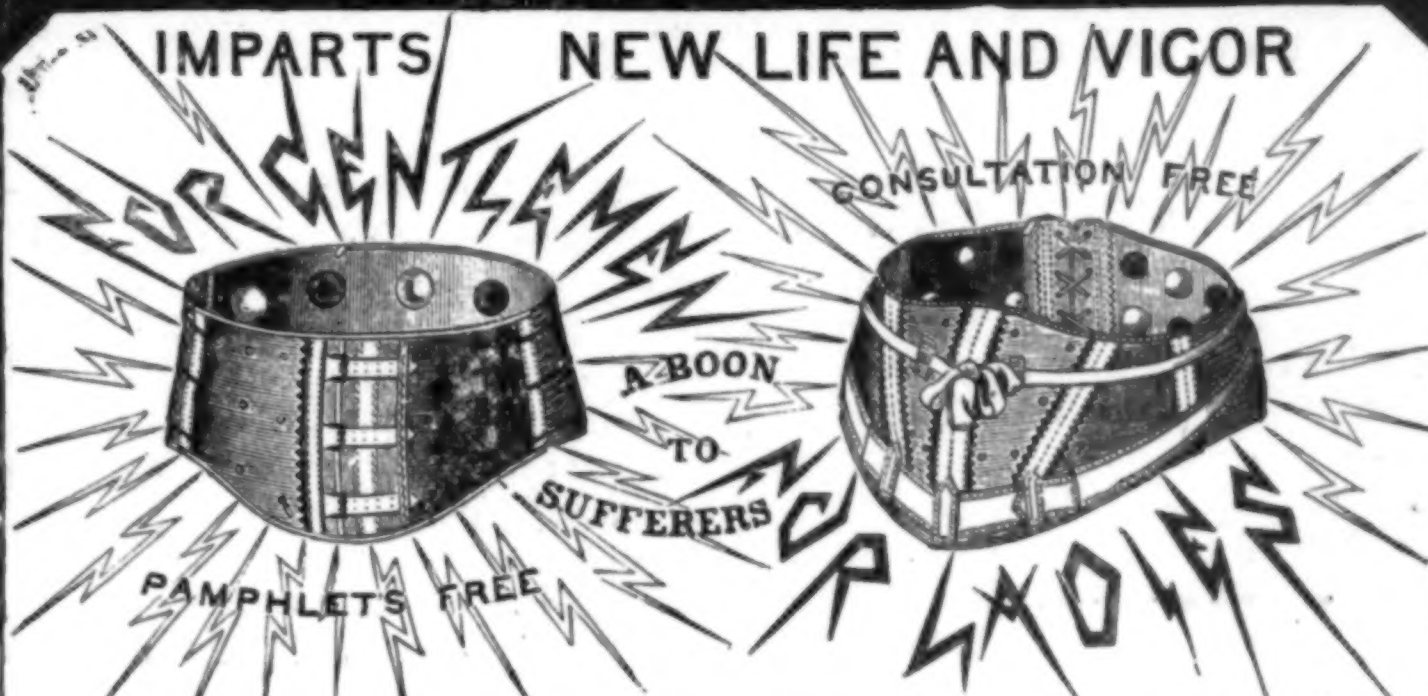
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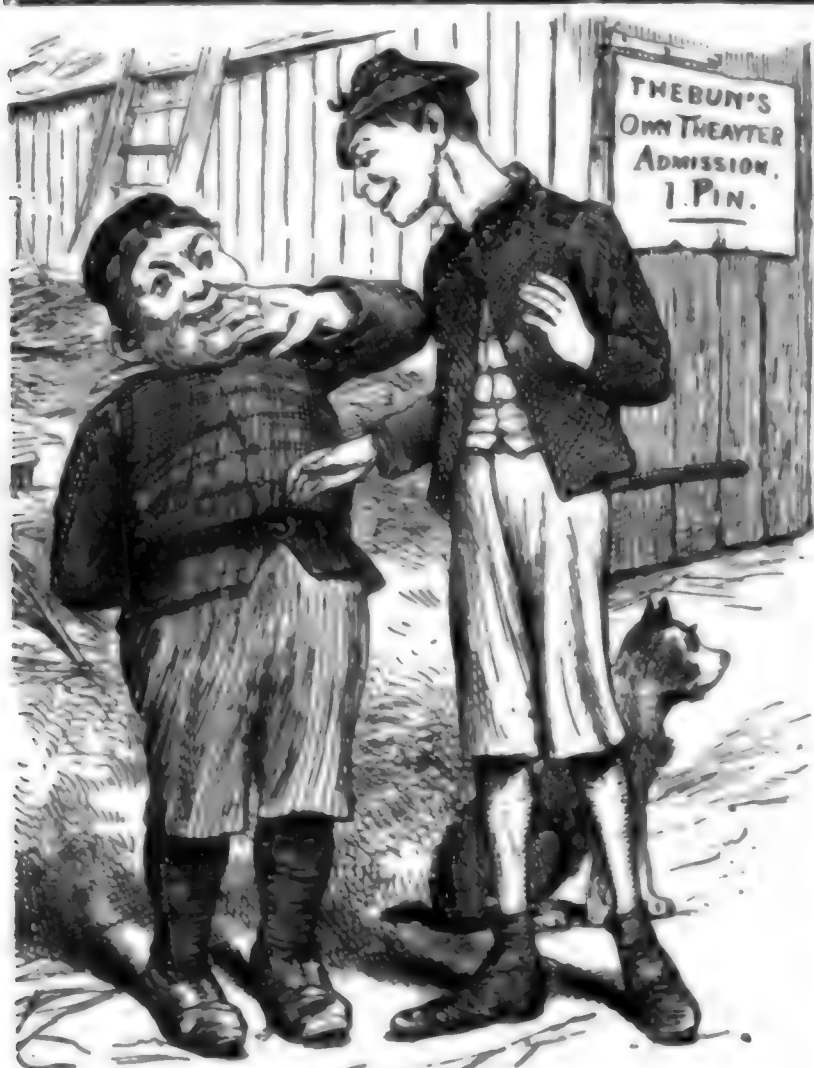
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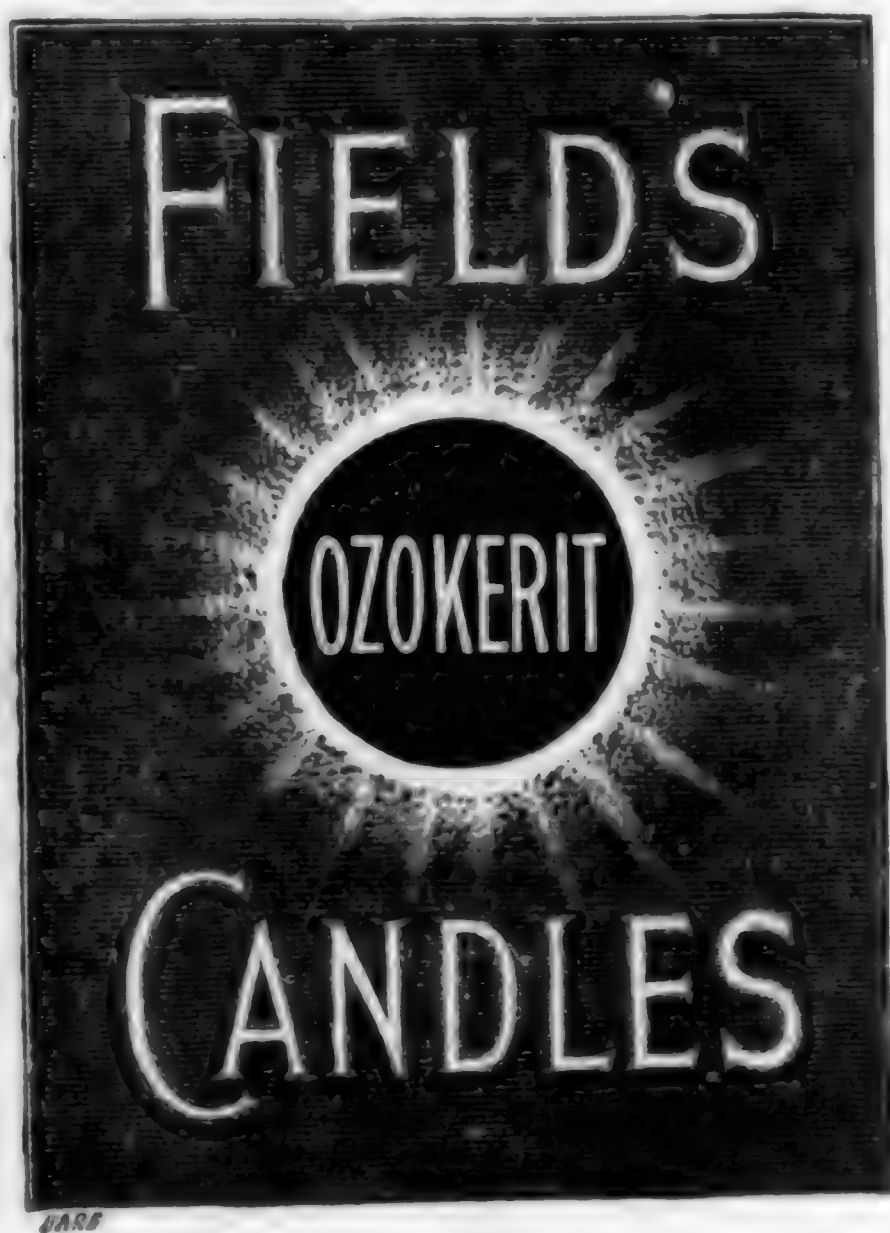
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THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

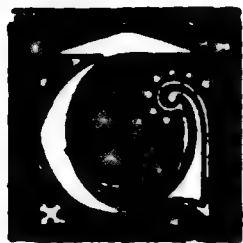
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Introduction.



THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, which we now place before the public, is an illustrated family magazine ; and it is our intention to considerably increase the number of our illustrations, and to produce even better pictures than those in the present number.

Our articles we hope to make both interesting and instructive, and they will be suitable both for young and old. "England, Home, and Beauty," will form a series of pen and pencil pictures of the prettiest places in our native land ; Mr. James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," will personally conduct our readers through the slums, and will induce many to sympathize with the poor, whose sufferings are so acute in the vast metropolis ; "Evening Hours," which will appear in our June and subsequent numbers, will be of interest to young ladies with a little spare time ; and "In days gone by," we shall endeavour to lay before our readers some pictures of our forefathers, describing their manners and customs, and not omitting to mention the condition of the gentler sex during the various periods to which we shall draw attention.

The stories we shall publish will generally be by well-known writers ; and we trust that, without being either pedantic or uninteresting, they will each have some lesson to teach, or good cause to plead. In this number Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, the *Standard* war correspondent, aptly describes the horrors, the miseries, and the crimes of war ; Miss Florence Marryat reminds children of the duty which they owe to their parents ; Mr. Rudyard Kipling pleads for those who are doing their duty for their country in far-off India ; and we hope that even our children's stories will teach the young to be kind to their pets.

We solicit the co-operation of the public ; and we promise that if they will favour us with their confidence, this shall never be abused. Finally, we would ask those of our readers who do not have their magazines bound, to remember the poor, whose homes would be brightened for awhile by such a magazine as this ; and that you, kind reader, will send this copy, when you have done with it, to an alms-house or work-house, or home of some poor person, is the earnest request of your humble servant,

THE EDITOR.



The Entrance.

Jeanne speaks; she talks of what she has ne'er
understood;

She sends to the roaring sea and sonorous wood,
To the clouds, to flowers, to nests and firmament,
To immense nature a pleasing babblement.

A whole discourse, perhaps profound, she forth
may roll

With a smile whereon float both a dream and
a soul,

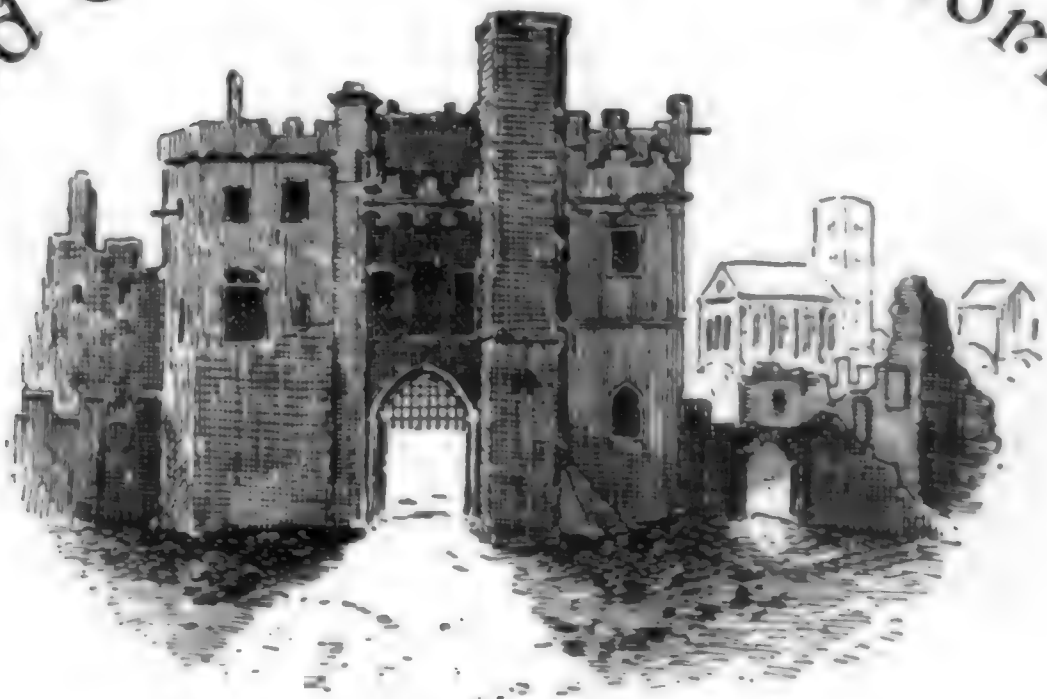
Indistinct murmur, vague, obscure and
overtost,

Yet poor old grandpapa listens in wonder
lost.

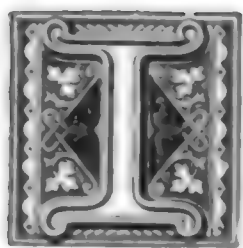
PLEASING BABBLEMENT

VICTOR
HUGO

Lud Gate and its Memories.



BY C. R. B. BARRETT, M.A.



It is assuredly a matter for regret that the ancient prints of the old London gates should be so very few in number, and in many respects so very unsatisfactory. And with Lud-gate, the chief gate of the ancient city, this is most noticeable, for, though two prints purporting to show the gate during the fire of 1666 are to be seen, yet they can in no way be relied upon as accurate. And this is obvious on comparison, for if one be correct, the other must perforce be entirely wrong. Hence for a view of Lud-gate there is nothing

trustworthy beyond the small print published by John Bowles, which represents the last form of the ancient city bulwark. Still, many memories of past events, and the actors therein, cling round about this now entirely modern street, if people have time in this busy age to indulge in retrospect or reverie. Few there are in these days, however, who would be bold enough to credit the legend repeated by Spenser:—

“ Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse monuments of his great good :
The ruin'd wals he did re-ædify
Of Troy novant, 'gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly :
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgrus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.”

But it may well be believed that a gate of some sort stood on or about the spot in very early days ; for record exists that in 1215 the city walls and bulwarks were out of repair. And these were troublous times—King John and the Barons in bitter conflict, the latter having been compelled to retire upon London. Here of course it was needful to make the fortifications secure, and this was done. The leading spirits being the great Robert Fitzwalter, Geffry de Magnavilla, Earl of Essex, and the Earl of Gloucester. The city tradition ever was that to obtain materials for the repair of the walls and gates, the houses of the Jews were requisitioned. This tradition appears to be based upon some foundation, for in Stow it is related



LUDGATE DURING THE GREAT FIRE



LUD GATE IN 1670.

that when Lud-gate was rebuilt, in 1586, an inscribed stone was found, built within the wall, bearing in Hebrew characters an inscription thus translated :—

“This is the station or ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the Hohourable Rabbi Isaac.”

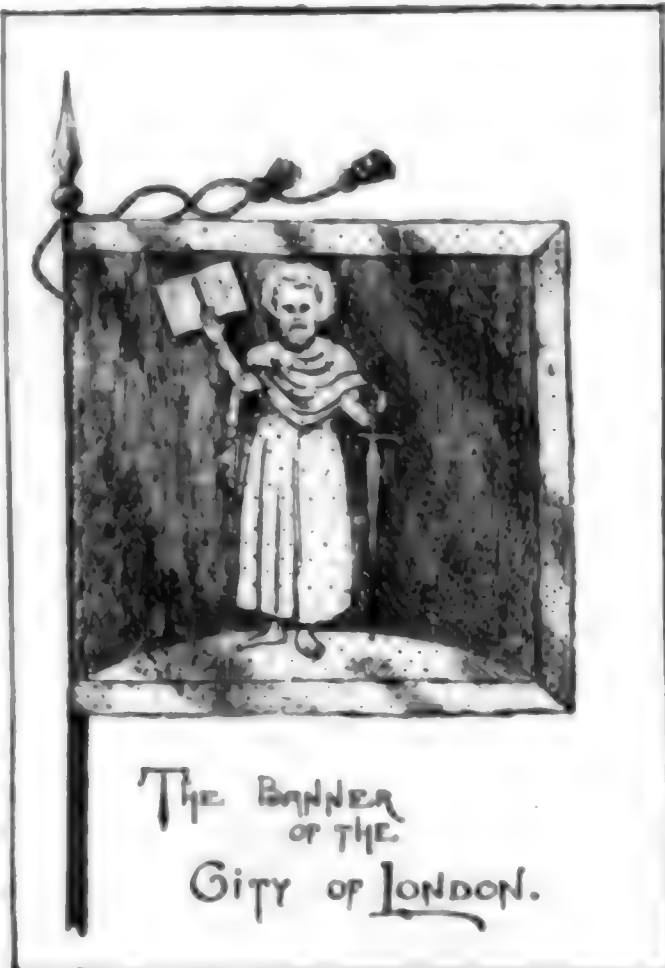
The repairs of Fitzwalter and his companions in arms would seem to have been chiefly directed towards rendering the walls and gates strong and safe, for as soon after as the year 1260 we read that “this Lud-gate was repaired and beautified with the images of Lud and other kings, as appeareth by letters patent of license given to the citizens of London, to take up stone for that purpose.” This, then, was the first appearance of the stone effigies which adorned the west face of Lud-gate, and which were ever after known as Lud and his sons. In the year 1378 Lud-gate became a prison, and in 1463 this prison was greatly enlarged, of which more hereafter.

In the reign of Edward VI.—a huge gap, this, in history—it

is stated that the statues of Lud and his sons were decapitated, only, however, to have their heads restored in the following reign. As has been mentioned, the gate was entirely rebuilt in the year 1586, when a statue of Queen Elizabeth was erected in the place of those of Lud and his sons, whose location was, until 1760, the eastern face of the gate. Gutted by the great Fire of 1666, the gate was again restored, only, however, to be finally pulled down and carted away in 1760, the materials having been sold for some £148. The fate of the statues of Queen Elizabeth and of Lud and his sons is somewhat curious. The Queen's effigy was, with care, re-erected on the wall of the old St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and on this edifice being rebuilt was then placed above the church door, in the position which it now occupies. But the Lud family were for a time less lucky. Given by the Corporation to Sir Francis Gosling, they were apparently held in light esteem by that worthy, and the statues remained for a long period in the parish bone-house. Subsequently they were purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, and when last heard of were preserved at Hertford Villa, Regent's Park. Would it not be possible for the Corporation to acquire these quaint old statues? Assuredly their proper place is the museum attached to the Guildhall Library.

And during the five centuries, what a strange and varied series of events took

place beneath the shadow of Lud-gate! It is not difficult to call up a vision of the quaint old street on some festal day, with the citizens in the holiday garb of their trade, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, clad in the richest dress the then laws permitted, lining the unpaved road or crowding the narrow windows to witness some pageant or procession. It matters not what, whether royal progress, wedding, triumph, or embassy, suffice it the citizens





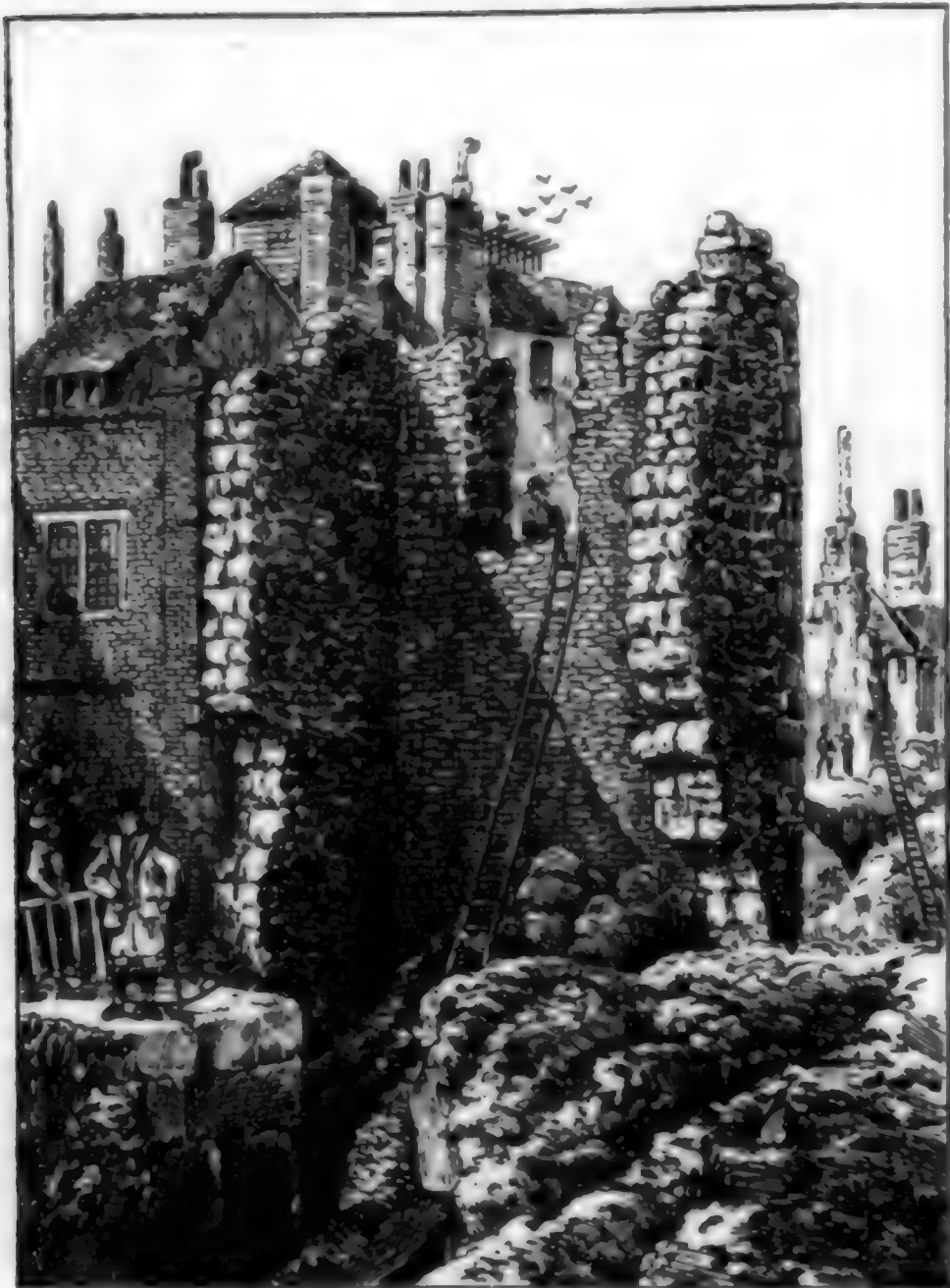
ANDROCHUS.

KING LUD.

TENANTIUS.

mean to make holiday, and full well they know how to achieve their object. At another time, when rumours of war are rife, and men look grave, the street may again be full, but full of an anxious crowd, for has not the chief bannerer of the city of London gone to the west door of St. Paul's to receive with all due rites and ceremonies, the great City Banner? A drawing of this banner has been made for the Mansion House Tapestries at the instance of the Corporation, and the authority from which this drawing was derived is stated to be an impression of an ancient city seal. On the banner, is represented St. Paul blazoned in gold, with face, hands and sword of silver, the field of the banner being red. Fitzwalter was the chief bannerer of the city, and his stronghold was the now vanished Baynard's Castle. The curious will find in Stow's Survey of London a most interesting and detailed account of the rights of Fitzwalter, Chastalian of London. Probably, however, the most dramatic episode connected with

Lud-gate is that which took place in the reign of Mary, when the rebel Wyatt, having failed to enter the city by London Bridge, marched with rapidly diminishing forces to Kingston, where he skilfully forced a passage over the broken bridge. Pressing on to London with speed, and with incredible rashness, he, with but a scanty following, was cut off from his main body, and found himself refused admission to the city at Lud-gate. It appears that traitors within the walls had promised admission, but probably, awed by the strong body of royal troops which held the gates, failed in resolution at the last moment. Wyatt is reported to have cast himself down on a bench opposite to the Belle Sauvage Inn Yard, war worn and weary, to rest. Having retreated as far as Temple Bar, he there surrendered, and his fate is history. When in the next reign the gate was re-built, the statues of Lud and his sons were removed, as has been mentioned, from the western face of the gate to the eastern,



THE WATCH TOWER ON LONDON WALL, IN 1792.

their former position being occupied by a statue of Queen Elizabeth and certain coats of arms.

Years rolled by, the ancient fabric of St. Paul's was changed, and changed greatly. The spire, once its glory, had vanished, and a classic porch had been added to the west door by Inigo Jones. Within, the cathedral was everything that a cathedral should not be, if only a portion be true that may be read on this subject. Troubles began between the king and parliament, ending, after years of strife, in tragedy.

The social and religious troubles of the land were not even then at an end. Fanaticism worked its wicked will on the monuments of antiquity, though St. Paul's suffered less than might have been expected. Still, the spectacle of saw-pits in the nave must have been painful indeed! Time went on, and the king "enjoyed his own again." Brighter days seemed in store, and, as far as noise, bustle and life went, these were merry, roystering times. Their brightness was, however, only on the surface; at least so the gossip of friend Pepys and the more considered diary of Evelyn would lead one

to suppose. Throughout both these diaries there runs an under-current of sadness and a forboding of evil, hardly concealed.

Then after the Plague came the Great Fire, and the Lud-gate of Old London stood up stark with its bare walls, amid the wreck of its surroundings. Gone were the quaint timber houses with their overhanging windows, carved beams, brackets, doors and barge-boards. Gone were the halls of the city companies, the chapels, churches, cathedral, sculptured tombs and monumental brasses. It is a melancholy thought, but of the graves of the many generations of citizens who had lived and died in the city, but few could be with accuracy identified at the close of *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666.

Mention has been made of Ludgate as a prison as early as 1373. It was originally a free prison for those unfortunate in business, and not intended for criminals. Soon, however, abuses crept in, and the fees charged by the officials were worthy of the worst days of sponging houses.

A romantic story is told of the enlargement of the prison in 1463. Stow gives at full length the then accepted version, a version which an inscription then extant seems to verify. The enlargement consisted in the addition of a stone quadrangle, a chapel, and leads upon which the prisoners might take the air. It was customary for six prisoners daily, by turns, to beg alms from passers by, at the prison grating, and this custom continued as late as the time of Queen Anne. The romantic story alluded to above is to the effect that one Stephen Forster, a fishmonger, was once a prisoner, and was begging at the gate. A rich widow passing, after enquiry, paid the sum—£20—needful for his release. Subsequently, after having taken him into her service as an assistant, the widow married him. Prospering in trade, Forster ultimately became Lord Mayor, and in gratitude enlarged the prison, in order to ameliorate the condition of the wretched prisoners therein confined.

The walls of London ran, as the maps show us, nearly along the top of Ludgate Hill, and naturally, at intervals, "conning towers" were to be found. Probably the

last existing relic of this kind was destroyed in the year 1792. It was laid bare in St. Martin's Yard, Ludgate, by a serious fire, which consumed the houses built on to it and which had hitherto concealed its existence. There are no less than three prints of this interesting old relic, and of these that which shows the interior seems to be the most reliable. The print was executed at the time of the discovery by Smith, the well-known engraver. An old map of the city, by Hollar, marks the precise spot where this tower stood.

Of the famous hostelry, La Belle Sauvage, or the "Bell on the Hoop," how much might not be written. Views extant give a very good idea of the appearance of its two yards, an outer one with what seems to be private houses, and an inner one surrounded by those quaint galleries, once so common in inns, but now, alas, so rare. And this inner yard has many a historic memory. The scene of not a few shows and stage plays in the times when theatres were few and far between. Hither, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, all the world flocked to view the wonderful performances

of the horse trainer, Banks, and his steed Marocco. Among other feats of this wonderful animal may be mentioned the ascent of the tower of St. Paul's. Poor Banks was ill-advised to take his silver-shod horse to Rome. Once there, his power over the animal was attributed to magic, and both the horse and its master were condemned and burnt to death. According to Walpole, it was in the outer yard of La Belle Sauvage Inn that the celebrated carver, Grinling Gibbons, had his first London studio, and there, as a trade sign, carved a wonderful basket of flowers of most exquisite delicacy. But what is Ludgate or Ludgate Hill now? A modern, very modern street, with every vestige of antiquity swept from its face. Wider than of yore, and likely to be widened again in the future, it has, however strange it may seem, at times and under circumstances, a more than ordinary charm. Not, indeed, when the traffic is at its height, but late, when the streets are deserted, and the moon shines on the mighty dome of the cathedral. Then is the time, in solitude, to gaze up the historic path, and to muse on Lud-gate and its memories.



BELLE SAUVAGE YARD IN 1809.



CHAPTER I.

AFTER FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.



SEASONS of life are like those of the year. We long for summer, when the spring is but half spent; summer comes, and passes quickly by; then in our brief autumn, looking back with fond

regret, we wish we could recall the joyful spring; and like frail flowers we fade, when waning autumn yields to the sterner sway of winter.

Still, to pass through the four seasons of life is not permitted to all, for some are called away before the early winter snow falls upon their heads; and thus early, not many years ago, a poet's wife was summoned to give an account of her well-spent life.

The blinds of the house in which she died were drawn down; and in a room that was dark and dreary, the sobbing of a young girl was heard by two men. One of these was sitting still, with all the heart's agony stamped upon his face; whilst a sneer seemed to linger on the countenance of the other, who stood before the fire.

The person who stood there, looking down upon the mourners, was an alderman, who performed all the duties of his position to the satisfaction of the other civic fathers; but the eminent qualities which stood him in good stead at a city banquet, his massive body, and his rubicund face, seemed out of place at a funeral.

"Bear up, Philip!" said William Thompson, the alderman, to his brother. "Grief, you know, will do you no good; for it can give you back neither your wife nor her income. Take a little brandy-and-water; it may make you feel better."

Philip Thompson rose and took out the brandy for the alderman; but he did not help himself, and he did not speak. He was a tall man, of a very striking aspect; his eyes were large, brown, and melancholy; and his long, black hair, touched here and there with grey, was brushed back from



THE ALDERMAN STOOD BEFORE THE FIRE.

his temples, leaving bare a broad, high forehead, traced with many a line by care, sorrow, or remorse.

For a few minutes there was silence; the fair-haired girl, weeping for her mother, gazed into the fire; the alderman sipped his brandy-and-water with evident relish; and the bereaved husband looked vacantly into the space before him.

"This has been a great blow to you," the alderman remarked, when he had emptied his glass.

"To us both," Philip Thompson answered, glancing at Lily; and the girl's sobs became louder than before.

"Of course, you think it unfair that Lily should not have half the Montgomery property at once," the alderman observed, after another long pause.

"I do not complain," the elder brother answered. "No doubt our father-in-law thought that he was doing what was best, when he left the income from his estate to his two daughters or to the survivor of them, and provided that the property was only to benefit his grandchildren after the death of both his children."

"When do you propose to leave this house, Philip?" the alderman enquired.

Philip Thompson stammered: he had made no plans for the future, and he was not prepared for the question.

"It is ours from to-day," the alderman continued. "But take your time, I do not wish to hurry you."

"We will leave at once," Philip Thompson answered.

"Take a week, or even a month," said the alderman, assuming his benevolent smile. "You will feel better then, and, what with being in mourning, the delay won't matter to us."

"Lily and I will go away this afternoon," Philip answered.

"I could not bear to remain here in somebody else's house," Lily added, sobbing whilst she spoke.

"Have you any money, Philip?" the alderman enquired.

"None, but I will begin at once to work for Lily and myself," the widower said, resolutely.

"I thought your wife might have saved something for you, but you were always improvident," the alderman continued.

"What Lily did not spend, she gave to the poor," Philip Thompson replied, and then he sighed, whilst the alderman was mixing himself another glass of brandy-and-water.

"Death is always a great blow, and it will come to my turn one of these days," the alderman said, sighing in turn.

No one spoke for some time: father and daughter were apparently thinking of their recent bereavement, and the city magnate dwelt on the subject of his own sad end, which would come, inevitably, in spite of all the efforts he might make to prolong the drama of life. He was endowed with a good digestion, and with a palate capable of much enjoyment, and he felt certain that he would be missed by the other ornaments of the City and Corporation; but he was not a speculative soul, and after a banquet he once remarked to a friend, in confidence, that of his own free will, he would not accept the risks of death, even if some old-established firm were to offer him a warranty that tears enough should be shed at his funeral to make the grass grow green upon his grave.

"You will let me follow my mother to the grave, papa?" the girl asked, after a long silence, pleading with her sorrowful eyes that this sad request might be granted her.

"If you really wish it, my pet," Philip Thompson answered, "but I think you had better not."

"I do wish it very much, papa," she said, in tears.

"It's no use women going. They only make scenes, and that does no good," the alderman remarked, in the tone of one accustomed to having his own way.

"Indeed I will not make a scene, papa," Lily said, anxious to be allowed to pay this last tribute of honour to the dead.

"Then you may accompany us, my poor child," her father answered, kissing her.

"May I speak to you alone for a minute, Philip," the alderman asked, in an angry tone.

"Certainly," Philip Thompson answered; and then, turning to his daughter, he asked her to run away for a little while.

"Philip," said the alderman, seriously, when the girl had left the room, "you do not seem to understand that you are entirely dependent upon my bounty."

"No," his brother answered, "I do not."

"Well, then, the sooner you do, the better," the alderman replied.

Philip Thompson did not answer.

"She did not insure her life, did she?" the alderman asked.

"My wife did not," the elder brother answered.

"Then what do you mean to depend upon?" the alderman said, sharply.

"I can work," Philip Thompson answered.

"Have you made much by your pen, Philip?" the alderman enquired in a more genial tone.

"My novel brought me in something," Philip replied. "But I have only written poems and essays on social questions since my marriage, and I have generally lost money by the publication of these works."

"Just so," the alderman remarked drily.

There was another long pause, and then the alderman began testily:—

"Come, let us have no more of this humbug. You must understand, once and for all, that I can't supply you with money continually. There are all sorts of charities which I am forced to support. The lists are printed in the papers, and if my name were always conspicuous by its absence, I should have but a poor chance of passing the chair. Don't ask me for money; but as an alderman and a man of influence in the City of London, I may be able to get you into a good berth, where there is little to do and much to take."

"Thank you, William," Philip Thompson said, "but I should prefer to work for my living."

"Is it not time that those fellows were here?" the alderman asked querulously.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and the tears came into the eyes of the mourner, whilst the alderman warmed his hands at the fire, and drank up what remained of his brandy-and-water, that he might be ready to start as soon as everything was ready.

When the old footman, who had knocked at the door, had been told to come in, he went up to his master, and said: "There is a lady, sir, who wishes to see you."

"I can see no one now," Philip Thompson answered.

"No, sir, so I told her; but she insisted on coming in."

"Did she give any name, Thomas?" the master of the house enquired.

"Yes, sir. She said her name was Mrs. Thompson; and she declared that she had as much right here, as you have, sir."

"Thomas, I have no right here, now," the master answered, sadly. "I am poor, and shall not require the services of any of you much longer; but I trust my brother will engage you all."

"We should be glad to stay on in the old 'ouse, sir, if you will say a good word for us. The poor dear mistress——"

She had been very kind to all her servants; and Thomas gave a little cough, and sighed, as he broke off abruptly.

"I will say what I can for you," the master answered. "But now tell Mrs. Thompson that I will come to her at once," he continued, when he was able to speak calmly.

"That fellow is a hypocrite," said the alderman, when the door was closed. "I shall get rid of all the old servants, and I think you had better give them all a month's notice."

"They are all good servants, and poor Lily had no fault to find with any one of them," Philip Thompson replied.

"Poor Lily will not want them where she has gone," the alderman answered, "and I like to choose my own servants."

The bereaved husband had no hope of persuading his brother,

and he said he would see the visitor, and get rid of her as quickly as possible.

"Don't go having any more women at the funeral. If you do, I sha'n't go; understand that," the alderman said, as his brother was leaving the room; and he smiled with the amiable complacency of a man who feels that whatever he does is right.

When Philip Thompson entered the drawing-room, he was surprised to see a fine woman, of from forty to five-and-forty, reclining at full length upon the sofa, and sipping some wine, to which she had helped herself from a decanter on the table.

She did not rise immediately the door was opened; but she gave a yawn, emptied her glass, and then remarked that he had kept her waiting a long time.



"I understand, madam, you are Mrs. Thompson," he said; but the name seemed to catch in his throat, and he did not speak plainly.

She had risen now, and was standing close to him, staring at him with her dark eyes.

"So you do not recognize me, Philip," she said, when she had much embarrassed him by her careful scrutiny. "You don't remember Polly Smith?"

"No, madam, I do not." He spoke severely, as he felt that she should not have troubled him then. But whilst he was speaking, she looked at him fiercely; and he began to think that his memory might have played him false.

"Indeed, madam, I do not," he continued. "But, perhaps, it is as Mrs. Thompson that I should remember you."

She laughed in his face. It was not the pleasant laugh of a person amused, but a cutting, satirical, and almost shrieking sound.

"So you don't remember Polly Smith, the milliner, of Croydon!" she exclaimed. "Oh no! Perhaps it is as Mrs. Thompson that you should remember me! You're not modest, oh no! I wonder you don't declare that you don't know me from Adam—or Eve!"

"Indeed, madam, I cannot remember ever having seen you; but I have had much trouble lately, and my memory may fail me."

"Some people's memories are very conveniently short," she retorted angrily.

"My poor wife is dead," he said sadly.

"Your poor wife is dead! Well, that is good, Philip Thompson!" she exclaimed.

He looked at her steadily for a moment; and then noticing that she was evidently mocking him, he said in a voice very stern for him: "Madam, if you have anything to say to me, I shall be glad to hear it."

She played with her brown silk dress, so as to show off her fine figure to the utmost advantage. She was a bright, buxom woman, with sharp, small

eyes, black hair, thick lips, large nose, and mean forehead; and though she was too stout, and forty or more, she apparently still considered herself as beautiful as any girl between seventeen and five-and-twenty.

Philip Thompson neither admired the woman, nor took the trouble to conciliate her; and she was angry because he did not humour her woman's vanity.

"Well, Philip Thompson," she said, "I have this to tell you—your wife is not dead!"

He started back for a moment, and then he asked angrily: "Woman, do you come here to mock me?"

"I speak the truth, and you know it," she answered. "Do you mean to say that you don't remember seeing me, when you were at Addiscombe? But, perhaps," she added, mocking him again, "it is as Mrs. Thompson that you remember me."

"Tell me, woman," he demanded, "who you are."

"I am your wife, sir," she said, courtesying low.

"What!" he exclaimed, moving away from her. "What is it you say?"

"You foolish fellow," said the woman, coldly, "don't you understand that I'm not anxious to make a scene. You may make love to me, if you like; but at any rate don't look like a scarecrow. You see, you can offer me your hand now, and we can go through the form of marriage again. Then I shall be satisfied, and no one will suspect that you have committed bigamy."



"I AM YOUR WIFE, SIR," SHE SAID

"Madam," said Philip Thompson, "you are making some great mistake."

"Now, don't try that game on with me. I want to act in a friendly way, if you'll let me ; but if you won't listen to reason, I'll have you arrested at the grave of the woman who thought she was your wife."

"She *was* my wife," Philip Thompson answered.

"That's all my eye and Betty Martin," the woman retorted, "and if you go on like that, you'll make me angry. As long as you treat me fairly, I'll be as sweet as a honey bee ; but just anger me, and you'll find I've the sting of a wasp."

"You are really making some strange mistake," Philip Thompson replied.

"No, Philip," she continued in a kinder tone, "it is you who are making a mistake in treating me as you are doing. You treated me cruelly directly after I married you, but until you deserted me I never complained. I went to your father at last, but that was when you had left me destitute. He enabled me to obtain employment ; and from that day to this I have never troubled you. When your father died under suspicious circumstances, I did not come forward to say what I might have said ; you were accused of the murder, and I, who knew the circumstances better than anyone else, made allowances for you. I said to myself, 'Poor Philip is a poet, who cannot endure poverty. He loved me dearly once, but when poverty came in at the door, love flew out of the window. He is not really to blame because he forsook me. As to his struggle with his father—if anger alone did not bring on the fatal attack of apoplexy—I don't blame him for that,' I said to myself, 'seeing as how he can't get on without money !' Eugene Aram, who was another gentleman much like you in appearance and book-learning, did much as you have done, though his victim did not possess anything like a hundred thousand pounds. I knew of your guilt, but, like a true wife, I said nothing ; and as your father had altered his will and disinherited you earlier than you expected, I let you marry a rich woman, well knowing that you would be miserable with me in poverty."

Philip Thompson's face had become ghastly pale. "You must excuse me," he faltered. "I have some duties to perform, and I must leave you now."

"Just remember this," the woman said fiercely, "I shall want money. I don't ask

you to marry me to-morrow ; but I do say give me a fiver now, and keep me well provided with the needful, until you can take me to the altar without scandal. Now don't shilly-shally ; but pay up and look happy."

"You mean, cowardly bully," she hissed through her teeth, as she saw that he was creeping towards the door. "You are afraid of me now ; and I will make you pay for your past cruelty to me, you hound. I want money—money—money !"

Philip, sadly distressed, left the room, and went back to his brother, who was standing comfortably before the fire, smoking a cigar.

"Who is your visitor?" the alderman asked, toying with his massive chain, which had been presented to him by his fellow-citizens, as a token of their esteem.

"She says she is my wife," Philip answered.

The alderman whistled.

Just then, one of the undertaker's men entered the room with a box of black gloves in his hand.

"You should not do that, my dear fellow, indeed, you should not. Decency, Philip, decency ! I know that you loved your wife dearly, but everyone is not acquainted with your good qualities : so you ought to be careful, if only for the sake of appearances."

The undertaker's man coughed ; Philip Thompson's face flushed ; and even the alderman looked excited and uncomfortable.

When the two brothers had selected gloves from the box, and the man left the room, the alderman remarked : "She must be mad."

"She is mad," the elder brother answered.

"Has she gone away?" the alderman enquired.

"No : she will not go away. She threatens to make a scene ; and she says she wants money — money — money !" Philip Thompson, speaking bitterly, uttered the last word in a tone, not unlike that which the angry woman had employed.

"Well, well, don't let us have a scene to-day. Give her some money and let her go," the alderman answered hastily.

CHAPTER II.

THE ALDERMAN AT HOME.

It was a dark and foggy evening, the fire smoked, and the furniture of the room in which they sat was old and dingy ; but Philip Thompson and his daughter paid little heed to their surroundings ; and neither of them complained because they

had been deprived of the riches and comforts to which they were accustomed.

Lily poured out the tea in silence: and they sat still, until the alderman, whom they did not expect, entered the room. This gentleman was paler than usual, but pompous as ever; and when he had placed himself before the fire, with a skirt of his coat under each arm, he looked round as if he were valuing the contents of the room.

"I dare say you will be glad to have what is owing to you from the Montgomery estate," he remarked, when he had concluded his examination.

"You are entitled to half the income from last quarter-day to the time of your wife's death; but there are the taxes on the house, the servants' wages, and their board wages for a month; and what you are entitled to may not be enough to pay all that and the funeral expenses."

"There is the furniture that Lily bought; does not that belong to me?" the elder brother meekly enquired.

"Well, it would, if it were not mixed up with the furniture of the trust estate, which our father-in-law left; but I fancy it would be difficult to divide."

"I must pay my debts," Philip Thompson replied.

"I took the trouble to look you up here in order to enable you to do so," the alderman answered.

Philip Thompson looked thoughtful.

"Mind, I don't say that you have a right to anything in the house," the alderman continued. "If you wanted to take any of the furniture away, you would have to prove your title to it strictly, for the interests of unborn children might be at stake, and these are always held to be especially sacred."

"What do you wish me to do," Philip Thompson asked.

"I will give you fifty pounds, if you like, for the difference in value between the furniture when it came into your wife's hands and what is in the house at present."

"I always thought that what Lily bought would belong to our little girl; but, if we were bound to replace the worn-out furniture, I don't know that we are entitled to anything."

"Business is business, my dear fellow," the alderman answered. "You are giving value for the money, and need have no hesitation in accepting my cheque. I will just write it for you, and then there will be an end of the matter."

"Thank you," Philip Thompson replied.

"Now I must be off, Philip," the alderman said, when he had handed his brother a cheque. "You might just come down and show me out, if you don't mind; for it would be unpleasant to read in the papers that Alderman Thompson broke his neck by falling down the stairs of

a house in Keppel Street, whilst paying a visit to one of his own relations."

Philip took the lamp and followed his brother.

"Well," said the alderman, when they had reached the hall door, "what do you intend to do if that woman troubles you again?"

"She had some money to-day not to make a scene, which would have been very painful; but, of course, if she comes here, I shall have to give her in charge, and prosecute her for attempting to obtain money by threats and false

pretences," Philip answered.

"If your conscience is clear, my dear fellow, that is certainly your best course," the alderman said. "Good night."

Philip Thompson was about to protest that his brother ought not to suspect him of such a crime; but the alderman had opened the door, and had walked to his carriage, before the poet had recovered from his surprise. There was nothing to do but to shut the door, and to go upstairs; and this he did slowly, for he was very tired.

Lily was crying; but she wiped away her tears when she heard her father's foot-



PHILIP TOOK THE LAMP.

steps. She took the lamp from him, and placed it on the table ; she made him sit down in the arm-chair by the fire-side ; and then she kissed him, and told him she was going for his slippers. But she was not long gone ; and when she returned, she seated herself on a footstool near his chair, as she had done many a time and oft in the happy home which they had left. The poet placed his hand upon her light brown hair, to which the fire's rays now lent a golden hue ; and there they sat, lost in melancholy thought.

The girl was trying to console her father for the loss of that love, which, upon earth, could never again be his. She did not talk to him : for there was one subject which so occupied her mind, as to prevent her speaking seriously of any other ; and she felt that anything she might say about her mother would only increase his suffering. The wound was open, and could not bear the touch, even of a loving hand.

Meanwhile, the alderman had been sitting comfortably in his carriage, smoking a good cigar. Still, he was sad ; though a funeral which brought him in a little money did not usually make him melancholy. All his senses, except that of taste, had been slightly impaired ; and his enemies declared that his hard heart had been gradually shaken down into his stomach. But this was probably the calumny of envious rivals : for he was still capable of digesting a considerable quantity of the messes usually set before civic barbarians when they sacrifice to Gog and Magog ; and he had become as puffy, if not as succulent, as a sucking pig.

The alderman liked his wife to be humble ; and he quarrelled with her whenever anything went wrong with him. To obey, he thought, was the chief duty of the woman he had deigned to honour with his hand ; and since he had become an alderman of the City of London, he considered it the bounden duty of his spouse to venerate the great man who had condescended to bestow his affections upon her.

It is generally supposed that great men maintain their superiority over the common herd, even when they are intoxicated. This, however, cannot invariably be the case ; for the alderman was one of the great demigods of the City, and yet, when drunk, he ill-treated his wife, and behaved as brutally as meaner slaves of the bottle are wont to do.

Upon one occasion, Mrs. Thompson sought refuge from her husband in her sister's house, and took her boy, Richard, with her. Then, the alderman was exceedingly wrath ; but he could not afford the scandal which a separation would have caused, and he had to go and beg her to return. He was a man who boasted of his charity and Christianity ; and he told the servants it was his duty to forgive his wife until seventy times seven. He allowed his intimate friends in the City to understand that there was someone in his house at Romford who had too great a liking for the bottle, and that this weakness on her part was a source of great annoyance to himself ; but he only did this in order to prepare a line of defence, for use in case his wife should prove implacable.

Mrs. Thompson, however, was a good and gentle woman ; and though she knew that her husband was not a perfect being, she still believed that he was better than most men. She let him plead to her a little while ; and when he had whispered many sweet words in her ears, she accepted his caresses, and forgave him for the past. But this new shoot of affection soon withered and died ; and then the poor wife sought consolation in the bottle.

When her husband was kind to her, she did not drink ; and she then went round to the poor who attended church regularly, upon whom it pleased the alderman to bestow charity. She waited anxiously, every evening, for him to come home, and she would have been glad to let him in ; but Mr. Thompson would not allow her to go to the door, lest by doing so, she would act like the wife of a meaner mortal, and thereby compromise the dignity of an alderman.

Dinner was waiting for him when he reached Romford, after having attended the funeral of his sister-in-law ; and his wife would have been very grateful to him if he had spoken a few kind words to her. He had refused to allow her to attend the funeral ; but she had wept at home, and she was afraid that he would blame her because her eyes were red.

When her husband entered the room, she rose, wished him good evening, and looked as if she would have liked a kiss. She did not, however, make any attempt to caress him, for she knew by experience that such attempts always resulted in failure. He looked very cross, and did not say a word to her ; the gong sounded ; and then the

servant announced that dinner was on the table.

The alderman took his seat, but whilst he was eating his soup, he frowned ; and when his son came in late, he gave the young man a good scolding.

Richard Thompson was a handsome youth, with a clear, fair complexion, dark hair, and bright blue eyes. He was tall ; but his shoulders were not quite as broad as those which a painter, or sculptor, would have given to a youth of great physical strength. Still he was scarcely a man ; for he had not yet reached that borderland where the young say farewell to the joys and woes of tutelage, and accept the duties and responsibilities of manhood. He had been at Harrow ; and he was studying at Oxford, where he had taken first class honours in Moderations.

There was little conversation at dinner ; for when Dick Thompson tried to exchange a few words with his mother, his father scowled at her, and she answered her son's

questions in monosyllables. Even when the alderman was good-tempered, he allowed his mind to rest, after the labours of the day ; he grew heavy over his port ; and he liked to dine quietly, because he thought, erroneously, that mirth would interfere with digestion.

After dinner, when Dick had retired to the library to study, the alderman lay down upon the sofa. He lighted a cigar, but it soon went out ; and as this annoyed him, he began to curse and swear. He was a very pious and godly man, abroad ; but at home he considered himself a privileged individual, who could do what he liked, and yet remain free from all sin.

While the great alderman was cursing and swearing, a little innocent maiden, with her light brown hair hanging down her back, and with her hands clasped in sweet simplicity, was kneeling down by the side of her bed, in a little room in Keppel Street, calling down, from heaven, blessings upon earth.

(To be continued.)



CALLING DOWN, FROM HEAVEN, BLESSINGS UPON EARTH.



AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.



It was nigh one-and-twenty years ago. The hamlet in the valley of the Ammer was alive with a gentle agitation. It was the epoch of the Decennial Passion Play, which drew all Europe to the spot. Few more

fortunate or fortunately situated haunts could be conceived than this paradise in the mountains of Upper Bavaria, far removed from the trouble of bustling cities, the ostentation of Courts, and the schemes or politics. The Benedictine monastery of Ettal, now half a brewery, half a seat of the noble house of Pappenheim, at the head of the recess in the snow-streaked hills, where the chamois browses, seemed to shut off mundane cares with mundane riot. Those who flocked thither to the Sunday performance of the sole modern religious drama worthy of the name did not make true acquaintance with the place. They saw it under its unwonted gala aspect. To breathe its calm

spirit one should live its drowsy life in the still lonely days from the Tuesday morning till the Friday evening, after the visitors to one performance had left, and before their successors had arrived. Then it was a frame wherein to cultivate the *dolce far niente*, to laze, or study, or meditate; to dream day dreams or woo the Muses. Everything was in thorough accord with the genius of the tranquil, the church with its quaint bulbous spire, the chalets with their trellised balconies, the cottages where the doors were never locked, the trees and flowers, the herds of mouse-hued kine,



THE FIRST TO DIE FOR THE FATHERLAND.

flinging music from their neck-bells, the clear, rippling streamlet, and the devout, simple, art-loving population of wood-carvers.

In the happy valley, hemmed in by the everlasting hills, and shadowed by the dolomite peak of the Kofel, valley with scents of thyme, and lilac, and budding hawthorn, vivid wealth of almond blossoms and twining honeysuckles, emerald-green meads, rows of mountain ash, and groves of tall-tufted poplars—philosophers might think out great problems, or poets weave epics undisturbed. It had in it the subtle charm of innocence and repose. And yet in a morning's tramp one could exchange all this sweetness and calm for the wild and magnificent dusky gorges and dark-green lakes, sombre groves of fir and pine, frowning crags and leaping white cataracts. It is a noble peasantry which tenants the region—daring, frank, romantic, tinged ever so little with mountain superstition, but rich in the mountaineer's virtues of hospitality and true-heartedness.

The young men of the village looked effeminate, but were not. Many of them wore their hair long to fit them for their parts in the Passion Play, for it was native talent strutted and fretted—in this case not its hour, but its day, upon the stage. To them the acting under the canopy of heaven was not an amateur theatrical exercise so much as a religious function, carried out in fulfilment of a vow made by their ancestors, and they approached it in a reverential spirit.

The raw-boned young man with fair locks, draping his strong ruddy features, sitting on a log in the middle of a mob of bairns, was one of the players, Hans, who had been cast for the rôle of Simon the Cyrenean. A cheery, unsophisticated hind, it had taken the elders a long time to drill him into what he had to do, for he was not apt at histrionics, but he was willing, and what he had learned he did not forget. As the Christus, in the third and most thrilling act, staggering on under the weighty cross, pale, meek, overborne, and goaded by brutal Romans, wearily picks His steps, Simon is accosted by a soldier, and thrust under the Rood to help the Prisoner on His path to Calvary.

Hans had won congratulations on the excellence and fidelity with which he had acquitted himself, and now he was painting a grotesque face on the disk of a whipping-top, to the amusement of the urchins. He

was a great favourite with these little ones, he was so obliging, could make so many funny figures with his fingers, tell such entrancing nursery tales, and sing such jolly songs. He was good-tempered to a fault, but woe to him who presumed to trespass on his good temper! He was herculean, if uncouth, and had been one of the best pupils in the gymnasium of the territorial regiment. His presence in Ober-Ammergau was due to the fact that he belonged to the contingent which is only liable to be called out in the event of war. His occupation was that of a carver, and nobody was more welcome to the moderate symposia in the Schabenwirth, for he could touch the zither, quaff the brown beer, laugh or nod over his porcelain pipe with the best; but none took liberties with him, for Hans could ply the woodman's axe, clamber the hills for game, or wrestle a fall with any man in the parish or the parishes round.

He had not an enemy in the world—the only one he had ever had was big Andreas, of Parten-Kirchen, and their quarrel was but a friendly one, their respective prowess with cudgels being the text of controversy. But that had been settled in an amicable fashion one afternoon, and it left Hans entitled to wear the feather in his Tyrolean cap, curved outwards in token of victory.

Model village! Happy peasantry! En-viable Hans!

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT Pistol couples Africa with golden joys. That depends very much on the part of Africa one selects for visit or residence. There is little of the golden or the joyous in the thirsty, blistering, Bayuda Desert, less in the immense impenetrable forest where Stanley and his companions were lost for months. But in the Maghreb, or west of North Africa, especially Algeria, where the Frenchman has introduced his notions of civilization, and grafted the luxuries of the boulevards on nature's native richness, both adjective and substantive better apply.

Truly it is a favoured land, with its dry, warm clime, its pure, deeply-blue sky, its luxuriant vegetation in the "Fiafi," where the green oasis nestles round the wells, and the palm spreads its shade. What varieties of fruit, orange and citron, almond and fig! The grapes, too, are good, and the Algerian wines not to be disdained, notably the straw vintage of Crescia. And, in addition, there are trees thick and diversified

from those which flourish in temperate regions, the sturdy oak foremost, to the aloe and oleander; trees gay and funereal, the olive, and the cypress.

Hamet was an Algerian Arab, with more of the Bedouin in him than the Moor. He preferred the tent and the camel, the open air and the changing life of the nomad, to the narrow streets of the city. Yet he had taken service with a French colonist at Philippeville, Naxime Marin, and voluntarily abandoned the wanderings of his gourd.

What brought him there and tied him there?

That which rules the court, the camp, the grove; love, the all-conquering, which pervades creation, from the Arctic circle to the Antarctic, which subdues and leads captive the most warlike and restless! The supple, sinewy Arab, with the full pulsing exuberance of his nineteen years, his emotions, quick as his eager orbs, his tropic heart, his pride, fidelity and tenderness, had fallen an easy victim to a saucy, pretty French-Algerian, who was half hand-maiden, half friend in the household of the colonist. She had fascinated him, and he knew it. She had power over him, and she was fond of a teasing display of her mastery. She was blonde as the wheat-ear, and he was swart; she

was a Christian and he was an Islamite. But love is not swayed by tint of skin or phase of religious belief. He showed his devotedness to her like a great dog. He was near whenever he could find the faintest excuse for it; he was at her nod and beck; he rushed to fetch whatever she

desired the instant her wish was expressed be it a basket of the comely date, the "beglet nour," or cake from the pounded fruit of the Zizphus Lotus; and, in his primitive, desert way, crude as the music of the souks, he melted in poetry towards his endeared and worshipped mistress. He was the carpet at her feet. She was the gazelle, all grace of movement, with large eyes of liquid lustre; she was the blossoming rose, the melodious singing bird, the mild silver moon. To think of her was to peep through the lattice of memory at the houris; to hearken to her voice was as if one sat by the plashing of fountains; to gaze on her was to devour sweetmeats.

In sum, the untutored Hamet behaved

exactly as if he were a civilized denizen of the West-end of London, very hard hit by a society belle, who had made up his mind that she should be his or he would fade away more expeditiously than the fasting-man.

For Sidonie, in her sphere, was a belle, and, like her more fashionable sisters, was capricious, coquettish, and perfectly conscious of her good looks, and put on airs.

Hamet was industrious for the land of the imperious, enervating sun, kind to animals, for he had been reared among the mares of the Sahara tract, who sleep under the same roof as their owners, a mixture of fear-

lessness and humanity, as proven by his courage in tracking the wild beasts prowling for the sheep in the out-skirts of the farmstead, and his solicitude in tending the sick lion domesticated at the château close



REVOLUTION OR WAR?

by. He was pious, told his beads like a true Mahometan, made his prostrations and ablutions, could repeat hundreds of verses of the Koran, and carefully listened for the call of the muezzin summoning to prayer.

Sidonie played him as an angler would a fish. To-day she would smile, to-morrow frown. She raised him to the seventh heaven once by making him a delicious cous-cousu of wild fowl, butter, mutton, and red pepper. But, similar to her sex in countries where they are better trained to hide their feelings, she was fickle and vain, and set a vulgar over-importance on finery. She despised the poor fellow who wore a faded scarlet fez and frayed camel-hair mantle, she who prized embroideries, the silks of Tunis, and burnous of Djerid.

One fête day Hamet saw her on the arm of an artilleryman from the fort in Philippeville. His flushed face was the index of the inflamed soul. He would fain kill his rival; but he was restrained, less by the dread of French law than by the rude chivalric reflection that he, a poor Arab, was unworthy of Sidonie, that she had a right to choose whom she pleased, and that to pain her would not be the act of a sincere and manful admirer.

The next morning he disappeared, with a secrecy as stealthy and complete as an encampment of the Bedouins from whom he had sprung.

CHAPTER III.

IN the embrasure, formed by a window overlooking the garden of the Tuileries, two men were engrossed in conversation. The one was in the undress uniform of a general in the French service. The other, faultlessly arrayed in black coat, without spot or crease, had an air of quiet power about him that was impressive. He was of the middle height, broad shouldered, and slightly stooped; his countenance was heavy, in expression worn, in complexion a coppery sallow, contrasting with the glazed whiteness of his linen. His well-oiled hair was thin and streaked with grey; dark glassy eyes peered under sleepy downcast lids, and a massive, prominent nose protruded over thick brown moustaches with pointed ends, fixed upwards with cosmetic. A chin-tuft of the pattern affected by the Vert-Galant gave length and sharpness to the facial contour. In a voice, a sort of a low guttural drawl, the voice as of one wearied and out of tone, either because of mental worry or the inroads of ill-health, or both, he remarked:

"There is no alternative—on the one hand revolution, on the other war." "In either event, sire, you are sure to be successful. The stars fight with you."

"I do not believe in the stars as once I did; they have their caprices. Is the army in such a state of preparation as Lebœuf says?"

"I am certain of it; never was better fitted to cope with an enemy, in equipment and enthusiasm."

"This is no ordinary enemy. Have you seen Stoffel's memoranda? He is not so sanguine as you, Messieurs of Paris, and he is nearer to the probable scene of operations. The Germans, he reports to be as numerous as the sands of the sea, admirably organized, and bound by such an iron discipline as we cannot boast."

"They lack the *furia Francese*," objected the general.

"Against quick-firing arms of precision that avails little," said the other, lifting his shoulders, and giving a significant, incredulous shrug.

"There is always the chance of division amongst the Germans. Surely the Bavarians have not forgotten the last war?"

"True, true, that has entered into my calculations—and yet, and yet—this, I sometimes think, and mark you, I know them, this may be the one question that would unite them—hatred to us. In the Fatherland, as they call it, we are the hereditary enemy."

"Then, sire, do not quarrel with them. Let them have Luxemburg, or any patch of earth they covet, and put their nominees on every vacant throne in Europe. France has abandoned her heritage. Prestige has migrated from the Seine to the Spree. We no longer hold the balance of power. You are strong at home and are wise to be content with that."

"Gently, general, be not carried away by your ardour. A man cannot risk two *coups d'état* in one life-time. I am thinking of Louis. Another slaughter on the boulevard would be an unlucky legacy for him. No, it must not be. War with the foreigner before that, any day. It is a bold throw, but we must set our fortunes on it, and hope for the best. Successful, internal tranquillity will be secured for ten or fifteen years, and I shall abdicate in his favour the moment the lad attains his majority, and withdraw to the retirement of a country-house in England. See, this is my strategic idea," and grasping the officer familiarly by the

arm he drew him into the interior of the room, a vast, lofty, quadrangular apartment, lit by rows of windows east and west. The middle windows were in the direct plane of vision of the Arch of Triumph at the top of the Elysian Fields, and the Arch of the Carrousel, forming the main entrance to the building from the courtyard. The walls were lined with curtains of green velvet, sprinkled with bees in thread of gold; around on pedestals were busts of the generals slain in action during the wars of the First Empire, and full-length portraits of the Marshals Soult, Junot, Massena, Kellerman, Marmont, Mortier, and the rest, whose giant figures loom large on the canvas of that historic era; for the scene we are recounting took place in the celebrated Hall of the Marshals, in the palace of the Tuileries.

Leaning over a map of France extended on a table, the Emperor pointed to the south-east angle, and continued: "My notion is to concentrate say, 150,000 men at Metz and 100,000 at Strasburg, so as to threaten the Rhine provinces and Baden, then unite them rapidly, take the initiative, and by crossing the Rhine at Maxau, leaving Rastadt on the right and Gemersheim on the left, thrust a wedge between North Germany and the Southern States."

A slender figure in college suit bounded into the room, that of a boy under fourteen, sprightly, but pale-faced, and throwing his arms round the neck of Napoleon the Third, he exclaimed in quick lisping accents: "Little papa, shall we not go for a ride to-day? Look! The sun is shining gloriously."

The lassitude was thrown off by the stooping potentate, and the light of a cheerful animation scintillated from his glassy eyes. "Ah! Lulu, thou again to annoy me: hast finished thy studies?"

"Yes, and tired I am of them," said the boy, pouting. "But, *sac-à-papier*; this is no weather to pore over old mathematics and Roman history, and maps. Ha! the

map of France! What mean those red crosses in the corner?"

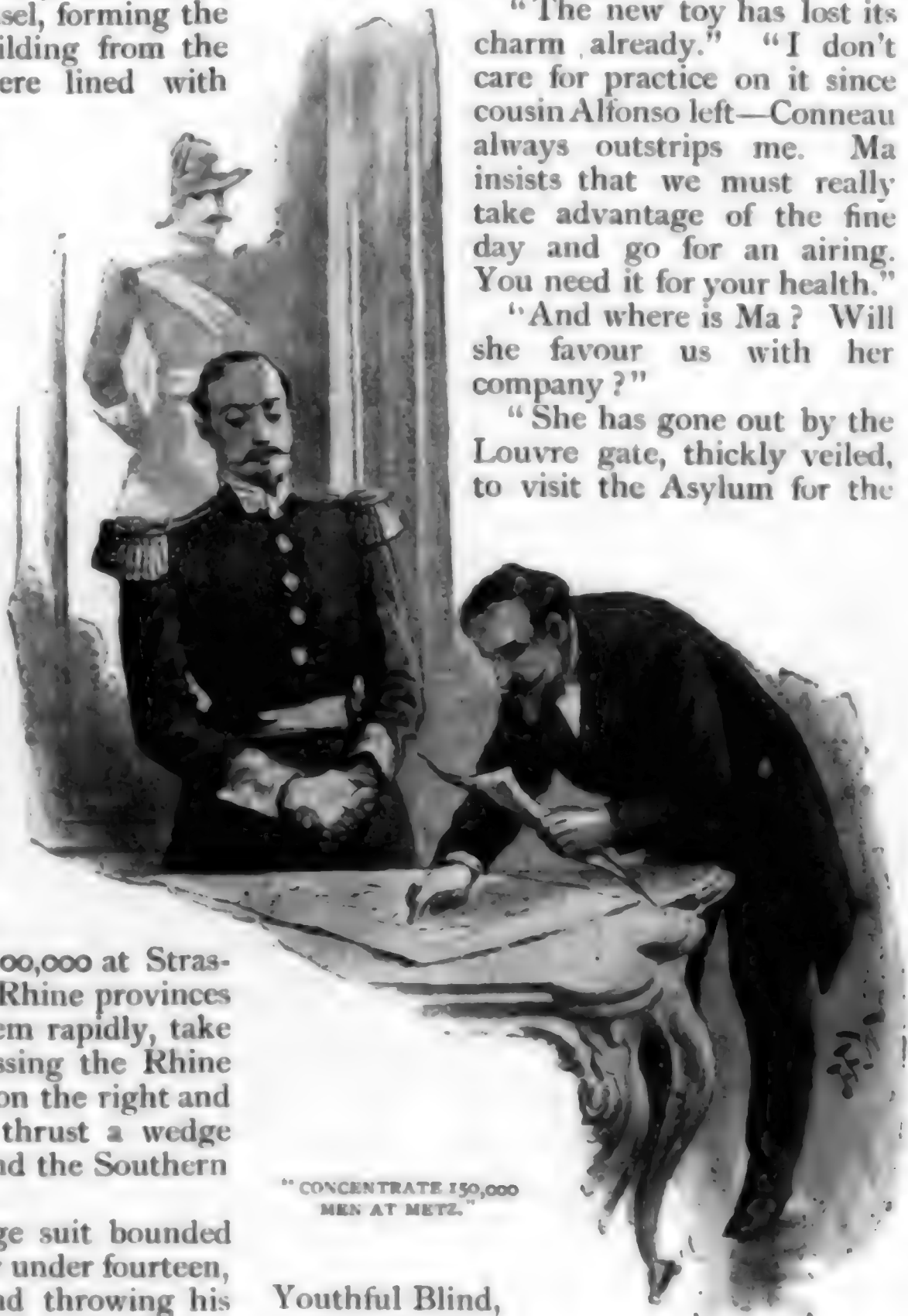
"Lulu, thou'rt a marplot. Small chance of working where thou art. Get thee to the riding-school, or take a turn on the bicycle."

"I'm sick of the bicycle!"

"The new toy has lost its charm already." "I don't care for practice on it since cousin Alfonso left—Conneau always outstrips me. Ma insists that we must really take advantage of the fine day and go for an airing. You need it for your health."

"And where is Ma? Will she favour us with her company?"

"She has gone out by the Louvre gate, thickly veiled, to visit the Asylum for the



Youthful Blind, and—and—"

"I know—and shop a little. General, we must abandon business to-day. This boy will have his way. After all, it may be as well that I should show myself. Breakfast with me at St. Cloud, at noon to-morrow."

The general made a farewell which was a compromise between that of a soldier and a courtier, a military salute merging into a profound obeisance, and disappeared by the tall cent garde with drawn sword standing silent sentry outside the arras dissembling the doorway.

"I, too, would fain go out incognito, like

mamma, if I were free," said Napoleon the Third.

"Do take me to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. I long to have another mount on that elephant with the wrinkled skin."

"As you will, my son ; it may be the last playful excursion to that retreat for a time."

"Shall we have a landau harnessed *à la Daumont*, and outriders and an escort ? I love the clash of scabbards and jingle of accoutrements."

"No ; we will go less pompously, my child, a single outrider and a pair-horse vehicle will suffice."

"I hate this Lycéen's suit," said the boy, with a petulant curl of his lips.

"Yet it is the happiest most of us ever wear," said the elder, with a sigh. "Louis, to-morrow you may put it off. When we return you shall be measured for the uniform of a sub-lieutenant in the Grenadiers of the Guard."

"Bravo !" shouted the boy, flinging his cap to the ceiling in his joy. "Then the Temple of Janus is to be opened, as they say in those musty Roman histories, and Ma has consented to my campaigning by your side ?"

"Against her will. She is a mother."

"But she is the mother of a Bonaparte," said the youth, melodramatically.

A few minutes afterwards a carriage with the ruler of France and the young prince passed along the central avenue of the garden, amid bowing promenaders, and was saluted as it emerged on the Place de la Concorde by the post of bronzed Algerian tirailleurs, in their picturesque, loose Oriental garb of white turban, blue jacket braided with yellow, red cincture, and wide baggy trousers.

"What a handsome sentry !" exclaimed the young prince.

The sentry, who had alertly turned out the guard and provoked this expression of admiration, was our friend Hamet, of Philippeville, now a private soldier in the first battalion of Turcos.

The next day the formal declaration of hostilities against the King of Prussia and his allies appeared.

CHAPTER IV.

AT Wissenburg, seventeen days afterwards, the first serious contact between the two great armies occurred. It was sanguinary, and, in its influence on subsequent operations, most important, yet the Germans speak of

it but as a *gefecht* or fight, while the action at Worth, a couple of days afterwards, is dignified as a *schlacht* or battle.

General Abel Douay, commanding the second division of MacMahon's corps, was entrusted with the defence of the historic advanced lines, which would cover the Marshal's right flank should he advance on the fortress of Bitsch. On the 2nd of August, he occupied the position. He had with him sixteen battalions of infantry, eight squadrons of cavalry, and four artillery batteries. On the southern heights he placed two battalions and a battery, in the town itself a battalion of the 74th of the line and the first battalion of the Turcos, and, with the remainder of his forces, he withdrew to the Geisberg, a rugged elevation of eight hundred feet, sloping towards the Lauter, offering scope for artillery and favourable to rifle-fire from behind the stone-walls enclosing the vineyards. The French were on the alert on the 3rd, expecting the enemy, and had strict orders to give battle. But they had no suspicion the Germans were so close, or in so great a preponderance. The third army, led by the Crown Prince, was approaching, a concentrating attack on the place had been arranged, and to Bothmer's division of Hartmann's Bavarians the task of storming the town was assigned.

The morning of the 4th was dull and rainy, ushering in one of those close, depressing, overcast days which incline even the energetic to lassitude and lowness of spirit. But there was to be no repose in Wissenburg. At an early hour the shrill alarum of light infantry bugles, the tuck of drum, and the trumpet-blare of the gunners, hussars and horse-chasseurs announced that a busy, eventful time was at hand. Scouts came in with news that the vanguard of the foe was a-near, not at one point, but several. The townsmen blanched with natural dread, and shut up their shops, estafettes galloped to and fro, barricades were thrown up on the approaches, and finally the town-gates were closed. The French were in high buoyancy, eager for the fray, and disposed to be boastful. They made that fearful mistake—in warfare a capital sin—of undervaluing their enemy. The Turcos were outside the town, holding the railway-station and its appurtenances, the hotel opposite, and the poplar-lined road, flanked on one side by a low wall and on the other by a way-side grass-grown ditch but a few feet deep. In the

French host the Turcos were the gayest, and in the Turcos the company to which Hamet belonged the most light-hearted, and Hamet himself the most blithe and playful in the dare-devil lot. His beady eyes gleamed, his white teeth flashed, and his whole frame thrilled with the expectation of the coming combat.

At half-past nine a group of mounted Germans was observed through the telescope on the heights to the east of Schweigen on the north of the town. It was the Crown Prince and his staff. Almost at the same hour the advanced guard of Bothmer's Bavarians came threateningly near on the north and east and pitched a few monitory shots into the place. The response was

a shout of defiance. The Bavarians, conspicuous in their light blue tunics

with black wings, and queer helmets with old-fashioned furry crests, deployed several battalions, and a battery of field guns got into position and opened fire, shortly succeeding in enkindling two conflagrations. The Germans, moving up steadily in masses, gradually almost enveloped Wissenburg, began a vigorous cannonading duel with the French on the southern heights, and pushed on to the attack of the Geisberg, interposing between the main body and the garrison of the town. The time had arrived for an assault on the latter on the south-east near the railway-station, and two battalions of the 47th, Lower Silesians all, and one of the 58th, Poseners, were sent to reinforce the Bavarians who were hurried on to the storming simultaneously.

The Prussians were wise in their generation. Knowing that blood shed in common in any cause is the strongest cement of unity, they gave their allies the earliest opportunity of getting killed beside them, and took care that their own subjects, on whose loyalty there was some lingering mist of mistrust, should have the chance of wiping it off.

The fire of artillery was redoubled on the barricades and gates, and mid the cloud of rolling powder vapour, splinters of



GENERAL ABEL DOUAY ON THE GEISBERG.

wood and fragments of stone were hurled right and left, and swelled the unceasing din of exploding bombs spurting in flame-fountain of death and mutilation. It was a scene to recall the pictured regions of the Inferno—this brief tornado of hot, hissing, deafening discord, within the compass of an area no larger than Trafalgar Square.

The French fought with undaunted resolution. The Turcos were frantic with the rage of excitement, and stood their ground desperately, albeit pounded by cannon, which they hold in awe. To the Moslem the little balls are despicable, although in reality the most dangerous. They slay cleanly and stop thereat, while round shots or missiles that tear the head from the trunk may, in their belief, deprive their victims of the future life and the privileges of Paradise.

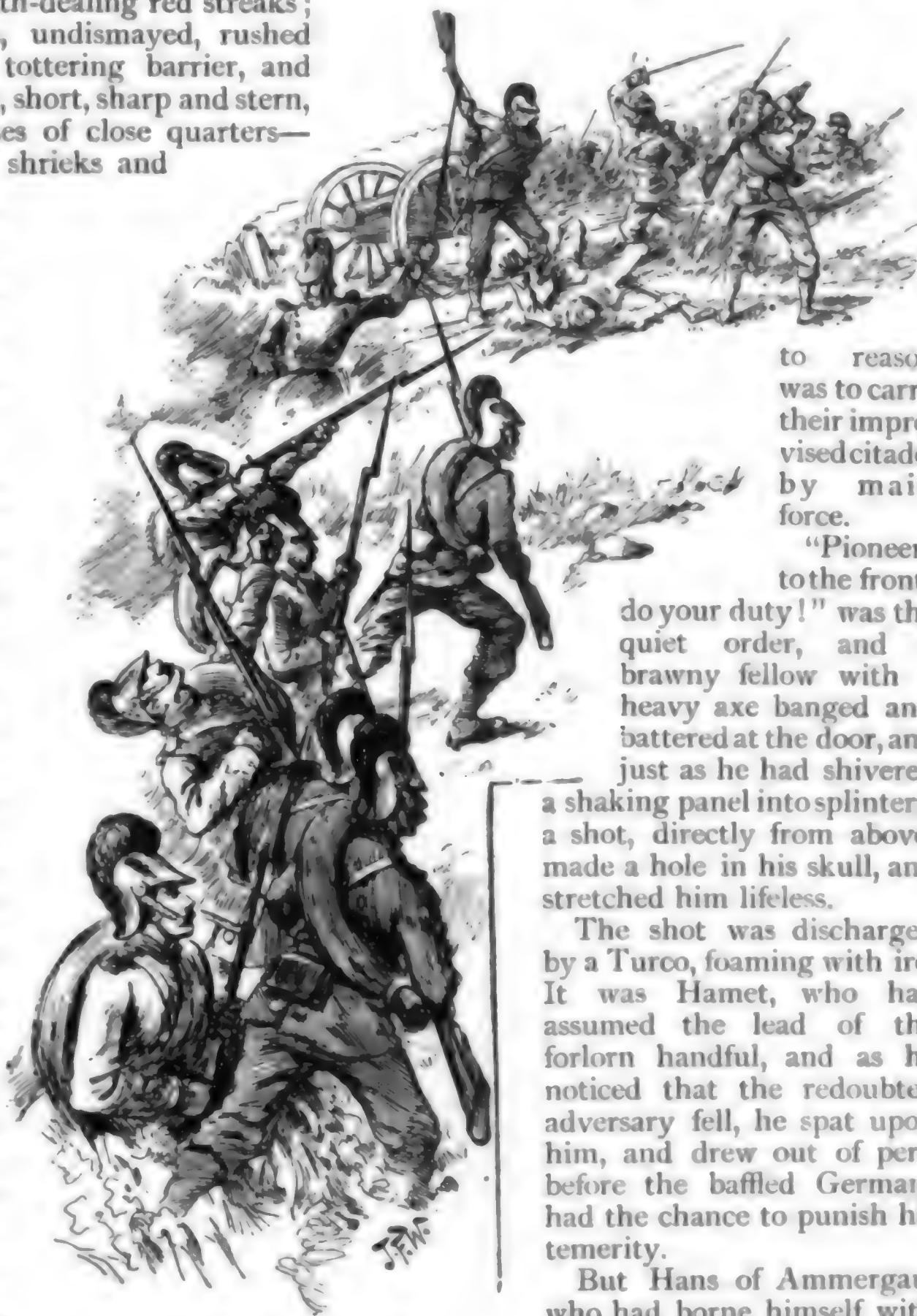
The sight of the tawny faces filled the Bavarians with fury. Words of wrath passed from man to man, imprecations were invoked upon those who had imported negroes into a European theatre of hostilities, and vows were registered that no quarter should be given to these heathens, whose countenances were dusky as the livery of their sable master. To the antagonism of ordinary opposition an almost personal animosity was added.

The sons of the mountain were pitted against the children of the desert. The assailants advanced on the barricade, partly by the skirt of the low wall, and partly in the shelter of the ditch, which

they utilized as if it were a continuous trench, some of the boldest crouching behind the trees, and potting any defender who showed himself above the obstacle. They were prudent, but not to the extent of timidity. They fired rapidly, but not without taking aim. At about one hundred yards from the barricade, a young subaltern, who had recklessly exposed himself, was struck by a bullet in the forehead,—the first to yield breath for the fatherland.

Bavarians and Prussians in fierce rivalry swarmed into the roadway, and with a resonant *Hoch* dashed forward with levelled bayonets at the obstruction. Many dropped in the smoky space in front, pierced by death-dealing red streaks; but their comrades, undismayed, rushed a-head, reached the tottering barrier, and then there was a tug, short, sharp and stern, and the varied noises of close quarters—cheers, curses, yells, shrieks and groans—the shock of steel, the crack of discharged rifles, and the dull crash on skulls of rifles, clubbed and wielded as if they were sledge-hammers. The atmosphere was dim with artificial, whitish, fog crossed by frequent lurid flashes. Weight and the *elan* of onslaught told: the barricade was carried, and the big strenuous soldiers of King William scrambled over it to stumble among a litter of prostrate Africans. But the Turcos were not beaten yet. They kept up the fusillade as they retreated; some sought the railway station and turned the waggons into a new system of redoubt, others fell back to the town, and some half-dozen took refuge in the hotel, and quickly slamming the

door, mounted the staircase and established themselves at the windows on the first floor, whence they peppered at the Germans, pausing to recover breath. The main body made short work of the frail impediments to their entry to the station building, and swept into it, overwhelming the amazed and discomfited Arabs by the mere impact of numbers. But the crepitation, in rear and flank, from the hotel could not be neglected. Loud demands for surrender were made to those inside, but the only answer was the ping of rifles. The brown devils were artful, and concealed their persons so adroitly that it was soon perceived that the only plan to reduce them



THE ATTACK OF THE GEISBERG.

to reason was to carry their improvised citadel by main force.

"Pioneers to the front; do your duty!" was the quiet order, and a brawny fellow with a heavy axe banged and battered at the door, and just as he had shivered

a shaking panel into splinters, a shot, directly from above, made a hole in his skull, and stretched him lifeless.

The shot was discharged by a Turco, foaming with ire. It was Hamet, who had assumed the lead of the forlorn handful, and as he noticed that the redoubted adversary fell, he spat upon him, and drew out of peril before the baffled Germans had the chance to punish his temerity.

But Hans of Ammergau, who had borne himself with a cold gallantry in the fray,

had marked him down in his mind, and casting the rifle-sling over his shoulder, stepped forward, lifted the dead pioneer's axe, and with a ponderous blow stove in the timber, and laid clear a passage for his countrymen. Such was the impetus of the vigorous effort put forth by the young Bavarian, that he fell, and the impatient stormers pressed forward almost over his body, so impatient were they to exact vengeance on their stubborn foemen. The stairs were escalated by a succession of jumps, amid a clamour of demoniac shouts, followed by the awful sounds of hand-to-hand recontre, the ring of clashing bayonets, the rattle of detonations, the whizz of bullets, the smashing of tables, scuffling of feet, and crash of falling bodies. The Turcos were as rats caught in a trap. They had no loophole of safety, and battled with the madness of despair. Hans rose, unslung his rifle and bent upwards through dust-cloud and sulphur fume. The conflict was apparently over when he reached the landing on the first story. Five bleeding, writhing wretches were huddled there in the agonies of violent dissolution. They had got no mercy, as they had asked or yielded none. The corpses of two Bavarians, and the scars on three others, attested how dearly the Arabs had sold their lives.

"Ha! if all the French behave like them, we'll have our work cut out for us before the war is over," muttered one of his comrades, who was bandaging a hand.

"Too late, Hans, my hearty," said a second, wiping the grimy sweat from his cheeks. "There is another, the leader," exclaimed Hans, as he scrutinized the faces of the

Turcos. "I do not recognize the man who spat on the pioneer after he had slain him." "You're wrong; we've finished with the lot."

"There must be another. Six entered, I counted them. There are but five here."

"If so, we'll soon prick him out of his hiding place."

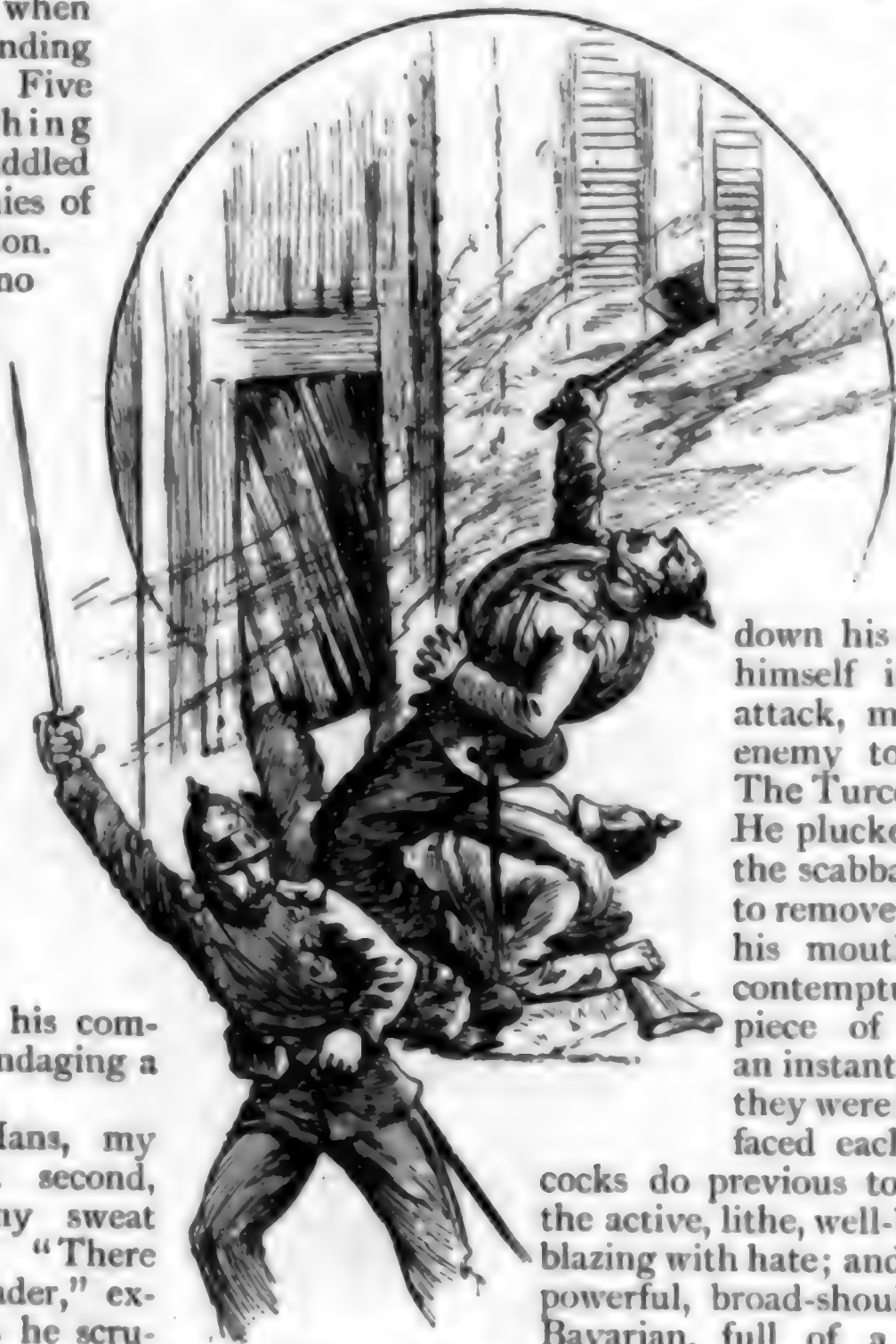
"Leave him to me, I beg of you. That be my task," said the youth, ascending another flight of stairs, with rifle and fixed bayonet at the charge, and turning into a room, the first he caught sight of, on his right.

Standing against the wall, puffing a cigarette, his rifle on a bed, his sword-bayonet in its sheath, was Hamet, calmly awaiting his kismet. To the maniacal frenzy of awhile ago he had succeeded a terrible serenity, but his aspect was haggard and his eyes blood-shot. He pointed to his open pouch. It was empty. He had exhausted his cartridges. The honest

Bavarian was perplexed. He did not wish to make this red-handed man a captive, and yet he felt that he could not kill him unless he resisted. That would be butchery. Suddenly a thought flashed across him. He unfixed his bayonet, laid

down his rifle, and, putting himself in an attitude of attack, made signs to his enemy to defend himself. The Turco understood him. He plucked his blade from the scabbard, but disdained to remove the cigarette from his mouth. That was a contemptuous but foolish piece of hardihood. For an instant the striplings, for they were but such in years, faced each other as game-

cocks do previous to joining battle—the active, lithe, well-built, dusky Arab, blazing with hate; and the awkward but powerful, broad-shouldered, fair-haired Bavarian, full of a grim contained doggedness. For an instant — and



"PIONEERS TO THE FRONT!"

then with a snarling ejaculation and a sinking of his body, to get under the weapon of his rival—the Arab pounced forward and lunged at the stomach. But the self-possessed Hans was on his guard, and, sharp as lightning, he made a half-spring to the right, evading the Turco's point, which ripped his tunic. Hamet's turban fell, and he would have fallen himself, but that the Bavarian met him on the left shoulder with his left knee, and then lifting himself, he brought down, with the skill of a practised athlete, breath suppressed and muscles tense, his sword-bayonet edge-wise on the bare head. As the blade clove its mark he hissed after the manner of blacksmiths delving at the anvil when they have dealt a puissant stroke. It was sickening, as the crust of bone was cracked like egg-shell, and the oozing secrets of the brain were disclosed, and Hans recoiled and reeled to the bed as if smitten by a poisonous blast. He had fired shots, as others had, and some of the bullets must have sped their billet, but that was vague. This was an experience of actual, palpable, intentioned blood-shedding, and as he stared transfixed at the sight of the crimsoned boards, the convulsed limbs, grinning visage, and rolling reproachful eyes, which seemed always directed towards him, and heard in an interval of the panting breath a gasp of "Allah" from the froth-fringed lips, he paled and shook.

"Ach, Gott!" he cried, "and I was helping the Christus to bear His cross but a month ago," and swooned.

Three minutes later the men below, alarmed at the absence of Hans, made their way into the room. Hamet was hanging over him in the bed. Both were still, and a current of blood was gushing in red sinuosities on the wall. It was the mingled life-stream from the Turco's head and a jagged stab in the abdomen of the Bavarian.

It was half-past twelve. By this time the southern heights had been seized, and the Prussian columns, headed by the King's Grenadiers, advancing up the steep Geisberg, under a murderous shower of lead, had carried the outer premises of the castle on the eminence, and, before one, were masters of the castle itself. The chassepots spelled havoc, but the mitrailleuse battery was an arrant fraud. After it had delivered three shots only, a shell lobbed in the midst of the servants, and it had to be



AWAITING HIS KISMET.

withdrawn out of action. The carnage was dreadful, and curiously even, 1,200 men having been put *hors de combat* on each side. General Abel Douay had not to suffer the ignominious consciousness of defeat; he was cut off by a stray bullet. The right flank of the French army was jeopardized; Alsace was at the mercy of the conqueror; a tremendous moral effect had been produced. The first act of the tragic drama which led to the dethronement of a dynasty, the internment of the Man of the Tuileries, and the flight of his son, the humiliation of a haughty capital, and the dismemberment of a great nation, had been played out.

When tidings reached Sidonie that Hamet had been slain, she was pensive, said he was a *bon zig*, and sought distraction for her passing sorrow in the concoction of a couscousu.

In Ammergau they lamented Hans sincerely, and perhaps for several days longer than others of their countrymen who had fallen, because his loss put them to the trouble of seeking a new Simon the Cyrenean at the renewal of the interrupted series of Passion Plays.



"TRE, POL, AND PEN."

By E. GOWING SCOPES.

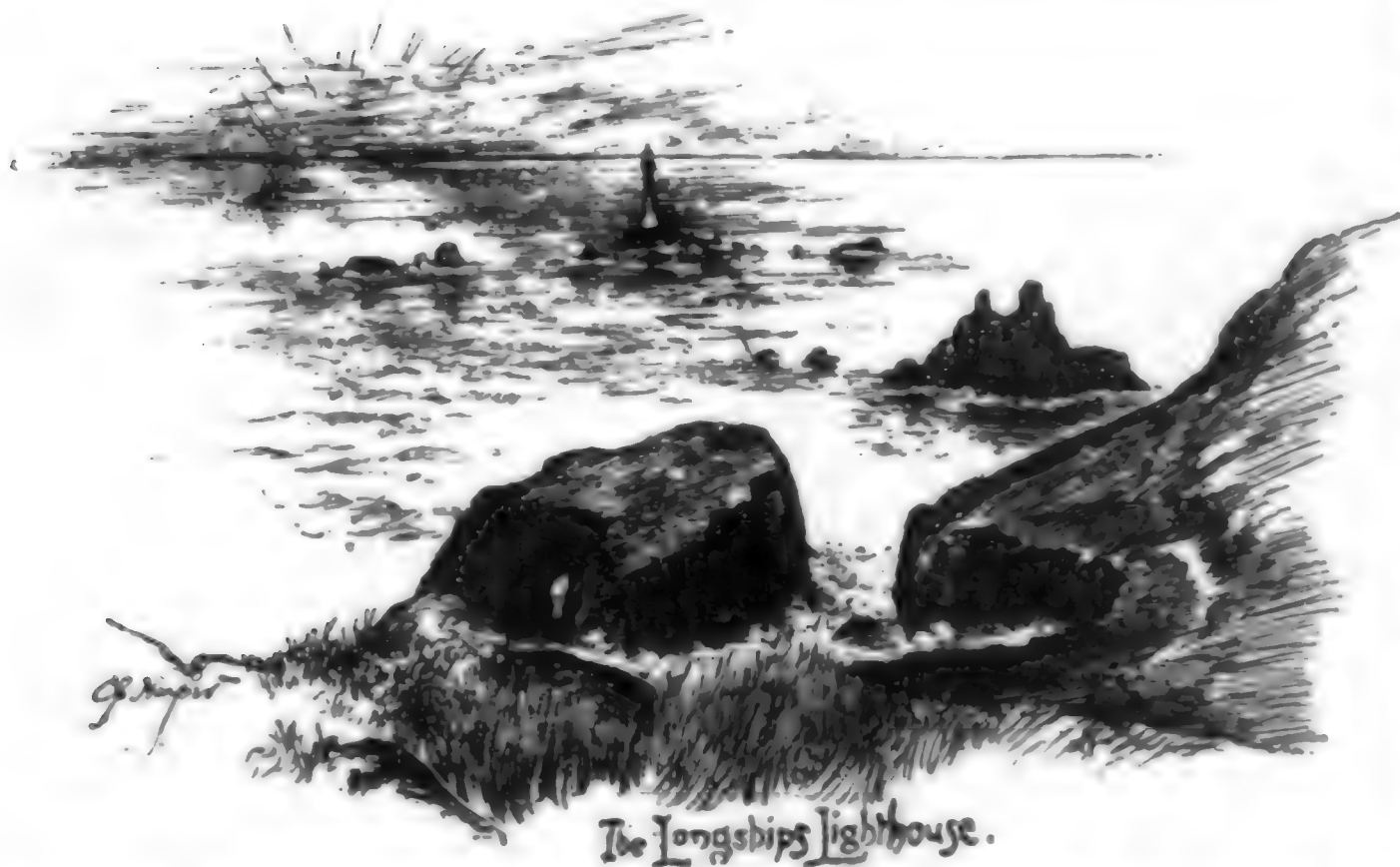
HAVING been asked to say something about one of England's beauty spots, and feeling assured that the ordinary reader—whoever that happy individual may be—is weary of the guide-book compiler's system of treatment, I take the liberty of recording a few impressions that have clung to me through a score years or more.

Before ever visiting Cornwall, I had often thought upon its peculiar formation—as though England were gingerly dipping her bare toe into the turbulent Atlantic—while my only actual knowledge of the county lay in two facts, viz., that many, many years ago the Phœnicians called at Cornwall and dug for the tin and copper, while the natives were in the habit of lighting beacons upon the fearful granite rocks,

in the hope of luring vessels to destruction. When I ought to have known better, still I imagined Cornwall to be a promontory of solid rock, which the greedy sea licked by day and night, without ever being able to satisfy its appetite. Perhaps I was not alone in these crude notions concerning this strange corner of England's anatomy. My weak memory dimly recalls a banquet at which the Bishops of Truro and Exeter were chief guests. Some of the diners were still busy upon large portions of Cornish cake—Cornishmen will eat saffron cake upon the least provocation—when the Bishop of Exeter rose to respond to a toast. He said, when first called to Exeter, the county of Cornwall was also placed under his charge. Before leaving home, his friends seriously informed him that Cornwall was a wild land, in which the

dwellers were little better than barbarians, living among the rocks, and in deep mines, and earning their livelihood by stripping the bodies washed up on the shore, and by robbing the bowels of the earth of its minerals. Then great tears rolled down the seamy





The Longships Lighthouse.

whiskered face of the Bishop as he told how he had learned to love those dwellers among the rocks and mines. They were the most gentle-hearted and hospitable barbarians on the face of the earth, and their home the grandest in England.

So, perhaps, my boyish ideas of Cornwall were, and are still, shared by many who should be better informed.

Removal from a home on the flat, red crag surface of East Anglia to the land of Trelawny is a revelation. I have met many landladies in the course of the last

twenty years, but the kindly-hearted old creature who tended my every fad and fancy during a couple of years' residence stands forth as one whose weekly account I never had the heart to dispute. When I broke my knee, in an unsuccessful attempt to leap over a stone wall, with

what motherly kindness she overcame my modesty, and taking the injured limb in her broad hand, bound it up carefully, with the injunction, "Doo'ee be more careful now. Drink' that dish o'tae an' I'll put the door 'ome so'ee can rest a bit." Then, with a smile that proved too much for her face and trespassed on to the fat neck, she closed the door as promised, and left me to cogitate upon the composition of granite and its adaptability to the building of walls.

The grandeur and glory of the country



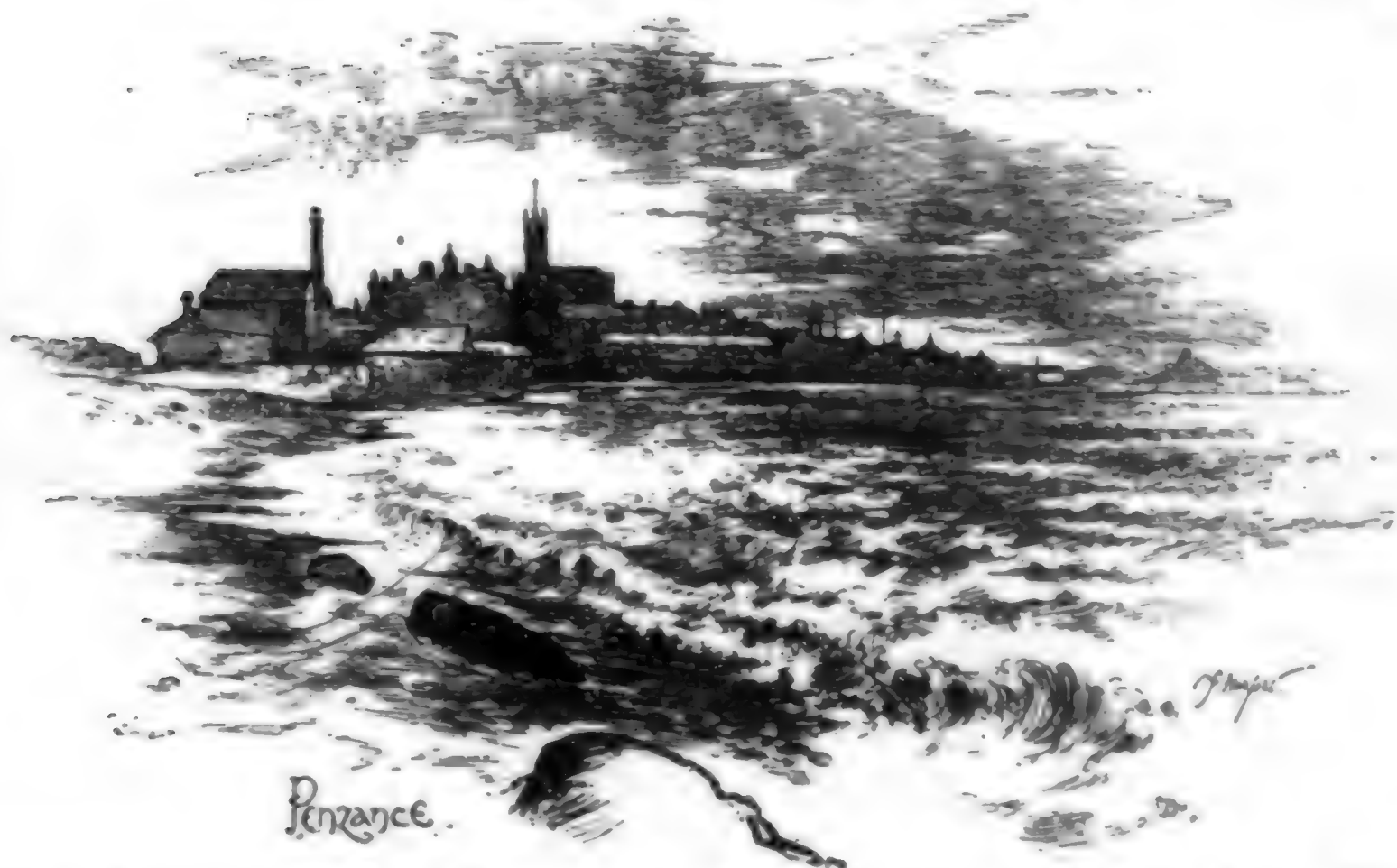
*Saint Agnes
from Peninnis.*

lay around its iron coast. Well may it be described as of iron, for the myriad waves that have broken upon it with a thunder-some crash during the last ten thousand years, have left no more palpable impression than would a pea shot at the moon. Yes, the visitor had best hasten to the coast, since the interior only presents to the eye large tracts of country smothered beneath the mining refuse. True, the mines are an interesting study. Well I remember a visit to Dolcoath mine; the most remarkable in the county. Stripped of our genteel collar, cuffs and broadcloth morning suit, the miner's rough jacket and breeches were donned, and, with pick-axe in hand, the descent commenced. One endeavours to be cheerful and wear an air as of a man born in a mine shaft; but the knowledge that you are descending hundreds upon hundreds of feet into the solid earth pales your cheeks, and I simply gripped the side of the cage ready for any terrible calamity. Ropes have broken before now, and cages containing their human freight gone down—down to the bottom with a ghastly crash. Easily could I paint such a picture, for the wails of women wringing their hands—now sending up to heaven long, fearful sighs, now trying

to comfort the sobbing children clinging to their skirts, cannot be forgotten any more than one can forget the mangled masses of flesh that were at last sent up from the bottom of that wonderful pit. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the intricate working of Dolcoath mine. Innumerable galleries have been cut in every direction, and one looks upon a map that sets forth all the cuttings with amazement. Can puny man have created this wonderful network? Look upon the copper kettle and the tin saucepan in your kitchen for proof of it.

Now I think of it, perhaps my disregard of the interior is too hasty. There are some dear old-world villages, and the remains of villages. Forgotten cemeteries, covering a small circular piece of earth and guarded by high walls; ancient churches, in which one may still climb up a narrow stairway and find himself on the top of the remains of an old rood-screen, and once there it is easy to imagine oneself a bald-headed priest swinging the smoking censer above the heads of bowed worshippers. Then there are the innumerable granite crosses that sanctify the high road, and it does not take much religious fervour to induce the traveller to cross himself and mutter a

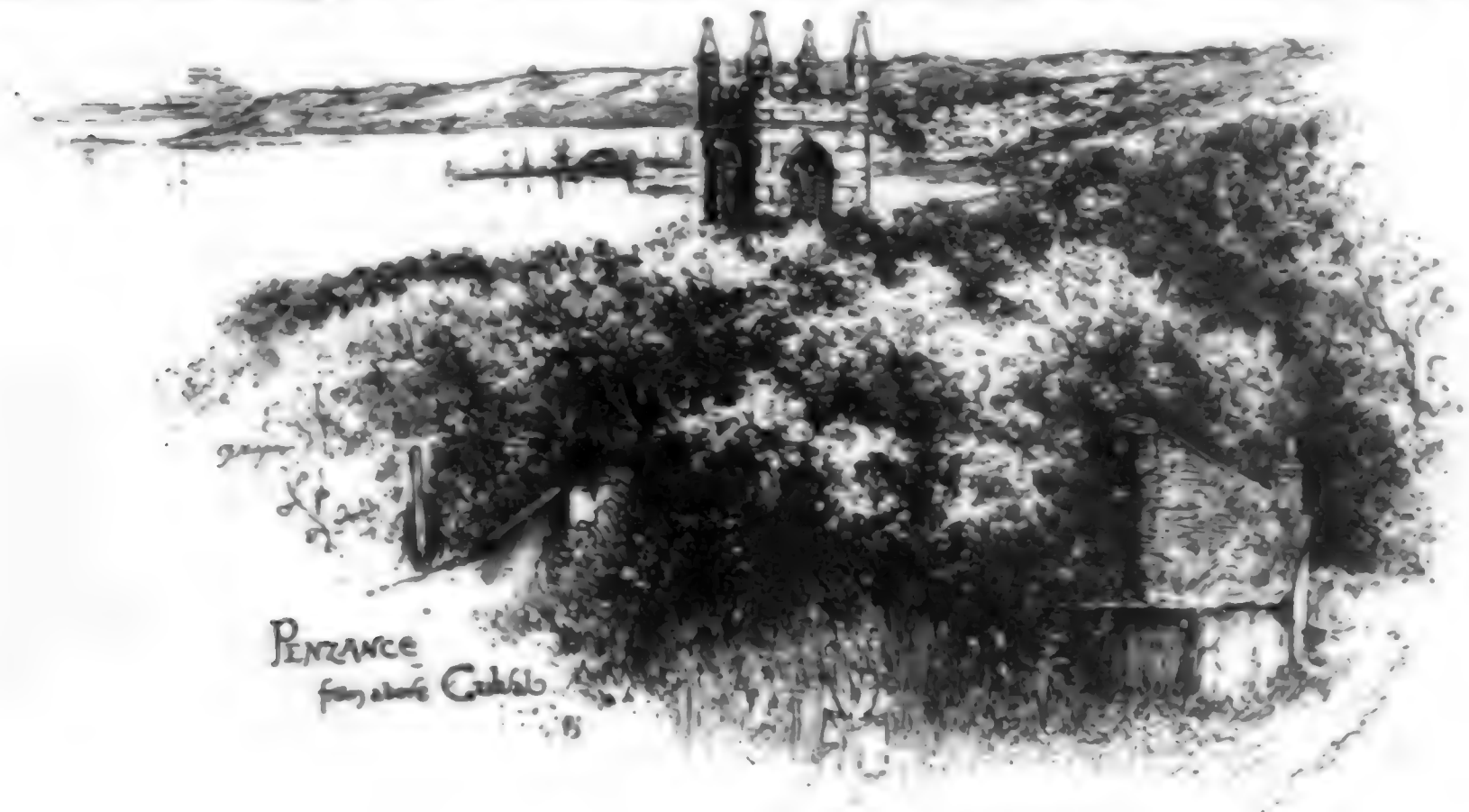




prayer as he passes. The whole country is many years behind the times, and that is its charm. The inland scenery, then, must not be forgotten, nor the rivers. Summer time is coming—what would I not give for a few hours on the Fal? I once knew its every twist and turn, and have guided my old-fashioned ship's boat beneath the thick boughs of the trees that hang close over the water. Long, happy hours were they, and sweet was the young face that sat at the helm. Heigho! why have the years flown by—why has that face flown with them? May I never be back on the Fal?

How soon you are on the shore! One walks to this village, or drives to that, but

the road always leads to the shore. Transparent as glass, the sea, on a calm day, will creep over the bright-coloured stones, and lap the feet of the cliff. There is a landing place by the Lizard that no fairy picture can surpass. Long before it is time to step ashore from your cockle-shell craft, you see clearly the floor of the sea, while hordes of small fish pass silently under your keel, following their leader as a flock of sheep. Look out on the bay! Did ever the surface of the waters radiate with a more infinite variety of colour? Now look at the foam—it is white, aye, whiter than snow. Now the hardened sand: where is it smoother, more purely golden? When the sea has



fallen the sand is level as a billiard table; no stray pieces of weed break the surface, and the edge fits closely to the base of the perpendicular cliffs. Ah, look up at the cliffs and the fringe of green on the uppermost edge — climb up and see if you can move the wonderful Logan Rock. Your guide book will tell its story.



What could be more innocent of ill than this combination? The blue, clear sea laps the sand, the green-capped rocks stand by, kindly affording many nooks for lovers and bathers. Yet it is little worth hiding, for the honeymooning couple may have a mile of Cornish coast to themselves the whole day long, and no human being will disturb their cooing. The scene is so peaceful that the adventurer will find it hard to believe that only the sea, the sand, and the cliffs are there when he returns on a winter's night to the headland, and, clinging with hands and feet to the rock, listens to the roaring of the storm fiend. Again and again the mountainous wave rears its head high in the night, and then with a terrible roar, hurls itself upon the scarred face of the

unyielding cliff. The drenching spray is borne yet higher aloft by the mad wind, whistling and screaming among the rocks, drowning the cry of the suffocating mariner, whose body, a moment later, is hurled at the granite cliff, only to be tossed up again and again, and smashed on the rock till no feature is left to tell the mother of a lost son. Ah, better be food for the gaping mine shaft than the human toy of the storm fiend on that shore.

Much more to tell? Well, whoever told the whole of his early impressions? But such talk from the mouth of impotence is wearisome. Another day we may find ourselves in North Wales, mid Lancashire lakes, up the Thames, or perhaps strolling through the Garden of England.





BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

IT was Thursday, Lady Sewell's "At Home" day, and the drawing room in Queen's Gate Terrace was crowded. The chairs were all occupied by well-fed and well-dressed dowagers, whilst the girls and young men stood about, holding tea-cups in their hands, and exchanging small talk, under cover of the music. A notable tenor had just been singing his last composition, and now that he had finished, the tongues were let loose again, and a general clatter ensued. Lady Sewell herself, an animated brunette of perhaps five-and-thirty, was holding a little court all to herself. She was a handsome and intelligent woman, but there was something hard and cynical in the expression of her face, which outsiders were unable to account for. For, to all outward appearance, Lady Sewell enjoyed a most fortunate and enviable lot. Her husband, Sir Walter, was as good, perhaps, and even better, than the majority of husbands. She had sufficient money to gratify every whim—a large coterie of friends—and three of the most charming children in the world. They were clustered about her at the present moment, for she was a fond mother, and seldom let them out of her sight. Horace and Walter, two fine boys of five and seven years old, and Ella, a pretty, graceful child of ten. They were all nice looking, and well-mannered, and affectionate, and more than one mother who regarded them voted Lady Sewell a most fortunate woman. Mrs. Russell, a new acquaintance, who had been brought to the "At Home" by old Lady Gribble, was especially enthusiastic in her admiration of them.

"Really, Lady Sewell, you make me quite envious," she exclaimed. "I have only one big boy of twelve, and I am afraid to let him enter my drawing room. He behaves like a bull in a china shop."

"Perhaps he has not been accustomed to be so much with you as my little ones have with me," returned Lady Sewell, smiling, as she stroked the fair head of her daughter Ella. "They know that they cannot remain with me, unless they are good and quiet."

"And such pretty children, too, and so beautifully dressed," continued Mrs. Russell. "I have never seen any to equal them in manners or appearance, except some young friends of mine at Wooltown, in Devonshire—the Reverend John Archer's family—"

Lady Sewell became suddenly pale—the livid pallor of a dark complexion overspread her countenance, and she put Ella's clinging form away from her.

"Do you know Wooltown?" she enquired, in a strange voice, of her new friend.

"Well. Do you know it also, Lady Sewell?"

"Oh, no!—not at all—that is, it is an immense distance from town. But I have heard of it."



SHE DROVE TO THE STATION.

"It is a lovely part of the country," said Mrs. Russell. "I have often been there. My cousin married General Fraser, who has a country seat in the village, and they and the Archers are the greatest friends."

"Yes, yes;" replied Lady Sewell, abstractedly; and then, as other guests began to press around her, she added hastily, "Don't go yet, Mrs. Russell. I should like to speak to you again, when—when the crowd is less—"

Regardful of her hostess's request, the lady lingered on, until the room was almost empty, and old Lady Gribble had gone home in disgust, without her.

"You see, I am still here, in obedience to your wish," she observed, when, at last, Lady Sewell was free to attend to her.

"Thank you! I thought I should so much like to have a chat with you about Wooltown. I—I—*was* there once, in fact. Nurse! take the children away! This lady and I are going to my boudoir. This way, Mrs. Russell." And, preceding her guest upstairs, Lady Sewell led the way to a charming boudoir, fitted with every luxury.

"I daresay you think it very strange I should want to talk to you alone," she commenced, with the same nervous expression of countenance.

"Not at all, Lady Sewell! I am only too much honored."

"But I know—or I did know—some of the people in Wooltown, and I should like to hear if—if—they are well."

"Did you know the Archers?"

"A little!—but it is some time ago."

"And the Frasers—my cousins?"

"No!—I don't think so," replied Lady Sewell, in the same painfully constrained and anxious manner. The conversation flagged. Mrs. Russell hardly knew how to

proceed. At last her ladyship resumed, nervously tittering,

"Are the Dacres still alive?"

"The doctor and his wife? O yes!"

"And Mrs. Jeffreys at—at—the Mill Farm?"

"Ah! poor old Mrs. Jeffreys!" ejaculated Mrs. Russell, compassionately.

"Why *poor*?" cried her ladyship, breathlessly.

"You can hardly know her history, Lady Sewell, to ask that! It excited my pity more than any I have ever heard."

"Why? Why? What has she done?"

"*She* has done nothing! It is what others have done to her. She was a wealthy

and happy woman once, when her husband was alive, and her son and daughter were with her. But Mr. Jeffreys died, and her son went off to sea, and her daughter, who should have been the prop of her old age, deserted the poor old woman in the most heartless manner—eloped, so I am told, with some gentleman, and has been too fine to notice her



"NOT TOO LATE."

mother since. And now that she is poor and blind——"

"*Poor and blind*," repeated Lady Sewell. "Mrs. Jeffreys poor and blind?"

"Indeed, she is, Lady Sewell! She tried to carry on the farm business by herself, but got cheated on every side, till she lost all her money. Then an illness came on, and blindness followed it, and she is helpless and in want. It is a cruel case. And the love she retains for her ungrateful daughter, too! To hear the poor old creature talk, you would think the hussy was an angel."

"Don't — don't!" cried Lady Sewell, impetuously, "I cannot bear it! Blind and alone, and in want! Oh! my heart will break!"

She cast herself headlong on the sofa, this proud, imperious beauty, who had been holding her fashionable court but an hour before, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Lady Sewell," cried Mrs. Russell, shocked and alarmed, "what have I done, or said, to upset you like this?"

"Nothing, nothing. It is no one's fault but my own. Sooner or later you will hear the truth. You may as well know it now. *Mrs. Jeffreys is my mother!*"

"Your mother! Impossible!"

"It is the fact. I am the daughter who deserted her. I was a proud, ambitious girl, ashamed of the farm and its humble surroundings, and always glad to get away from it, and visit amongst finer friends. On one of these visits I met Sir Walter, and he fell in love with and proposed to me, before he knew my antecedents. When he did, he told me I must choose between my family and himself, and that if I loved him as he loved me, I would sacrifice the world for him. And I did. I sacrificed my poor old mother. God forgive me! I ran away with Sir Walter, and married him from my friend's house, and I have never seen Wooltown nor—nor—mother since."

Sobs choked her utterance. The happy and flattered Lady Sewell was crying as if her heart would break.

"I don't know why I should tell all this to you, a stranger," she gasped; "but I must speak now, or I shall die. Oh, tell me all you know! Is she ill, and feeble? Is she very sad?"

"I cannot deceive you, Lady Sewell.

She is very feeble—very helpless—and she is very, *very* sad."

"She is fretting for me still—Oh, mother!"

"She speaks of you to everyone she sees. I don't think you are a moment out of her thoughts. But I have never heard her mention you by name. She always calls you her Milly. But don't let my news distress you like this, dear Lady Sewell. If you were thoughtless, Heaven has mercifully averted the consequences. Your hasty marriage has turned out a blessing."

"Yes, yes; for me—but for *her*! Sir Walter is all that is good and kind, and my children are darlings. But, oh! Mrs. Russell, how often has their very love reproached me, by recalling the love *she* showered upon me. I can remember *now* the gentle voice in which she used to speak—the care with which she nursed me—the pride she felt in me! And I requited it all by base ingratitude. What—*what* if my children should behave so to me?"

"It is not too late to repair the past," said Mrs. Russell, gently.

Lady Sewell sat up on the sofa, and pushed the wet curls off her forehead.

"*Not too late?* God bless you for those words! Of course, it is not too late; and I will go to her at once—this very minute. There is a night train to Wooltown. I shall be there by the morning—before my dear old mother has left her bed. Give me her address, Mrs. Russell. Before this time to-morrow, she shall know that I repent."

"But Sir Walter, Lady Sewell."

"He *must* consent to it. I cannot give in to him any longer," exclaimed the other, feverishly. "He is away for a few days,



THE WAY TO THE WORKHOUSE.

but when he returns, he shall know all, and I will tell him that I *dare* not neglect my mother any longer, lest God should avenge my conduct by robbing me of my own children. Give me her address, I beg of you, since she has left the farm."

"I am afraid it will shock you, Lady Sewell."

"Never mind! Wherever she may be, I will go to her."

"Her address is the workhouse—Wooltown."

Lady Sewell stared incredulously at her informant for a moment, and then burst into violent hysterics.

"And I have been living in affluence and luxury," she moaned. "Oh, God, forgive me for my sin!"

But in a little while she rang for her maid, and telling her she had received news that compelled her to go into the country, ordered her to array her in a travelling costume. In her feverish desire for immediate atonement, she would not wait to eat or drink, but drove off to the railway station at once, whilst Mrs. Russell returned home, wondering what would be the upshot of so strange an adventure.

Lady Sewell got out at the little station at Wooltown in the early morning, before the fashionable world of London was awake. How sweet and pure the breath of June appeared to her as it came sweeping over

bean fields and through market gardens to fan her anxious brow. Although she was quietly attired, she looked a very fine lady for that distant country side, and the astonishment excited by her advent was greatly enhanced by her asking her way to the workhouse. However, Bumbledom was reached, and Bumble summoned from his breakfast to answer the visitor's enquiry for an inmate named Mary Jeffreys.

"Ah!" murmured the workhouse master, as he turned over the pages of an official book. "Jeffreys! Jeffreys! Let me see. Admitted about two years ago, I believe. No. 3,822 on the books. Yes. She died yesterday, mum!"

Lady Sewell caught at the back of a chair to prevent herself falling.

"What!" she ejaculated, with dry, pale lips.

"Died yesterday, mum, at 3 p.m. Will be buried this afternoon. An old servant, mum, perhaps. Some one you had an interest in?"

"Yes! some one I had an interest in," she repeated, mechanically, for the blow had hit her hard.

"Can I—can I—see her?" she continued.

"Oh! yes, mum! if you wish it; but she lies in the dead-house. They all do! Here, Mrs. Martin, take this lady round to see the shell of No. 3,822. She was an old servant of hers—and she'd like to see her again."

Mrs. Martin, anticipatory of a tip, bobbed a curtesy, and Lady Sewell, moving as if she were in a dream, followed her to the dismal mortuary where the paupers' coffins awaited the time of burial. Then she stood

with a slow, beating heart, feeling more dead than alive, by the wretched shell that contained her mother's body, lying still and cold, with a smile on her dead lips, and gazed at it in silence.

"Aye! poor thing," ejaculated Mrs. Martin, "it is to be hoped she's happy now, for she had a bad time of it here. Lost her husband, and her money, and her children, and her sight, and had a daughter living like a lady all the while. Well! I suppose it will come home to her. Such things usually do. I'd like to see her looking at her poor mother in her coffin now."

"It—is—sure—to—come—home—to—her," faltered Lady Sewell, in a low voice.



"NO. 3,822 ON THE BOOKS."

Then she put a piece of money in the woman's hand, and turned away, and walked out of the workhouse, and back to the station.

"*Come home to her!*" she thought, as she lay back on the cushions of the railway carriage, exhausted with weeping. "Aye! with every sound of her own children's voices—with every look from their eyes. Oh, my poor mother! God has avenged you. This day has planted a thorn in my breast which no hand but yours can draw away again. However long I live—however prosperous and healthy, and apparently happy I may be—I shall feel the slow, dull, remorseful pain that settled down upon my heart as I

looked at your dead face in your workhouse coffin, and knew that you had died without seeing your Millie again. Can you see me now from Heaven? Can you believe that I would give everything I possessed to undo the past, and hear your gentle voice speak my forgiveness. Oh, Mother! Mother!"—

This is the cross that Lady Sewell bears through life. She has brought it on herself, but it is none the less hard to carry, and it has the power to sap the springs of her purest pleasures. And she will have to bear it (like all irremediable evils) until she meets her mother again in the Eternal Land.



SHE HAD A DAUGHTER LIVING LIKE A LADY.



PART I.

OUR ANGLO-SAXON FOREFATHERS.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE peninsula that separates the Baltic from the Northern Sea, together, probably, with parts of what are now Hanover and Oldenburg, formed the fatherland of the English race ; and thence, during the fifth and sixth centuries, the English carried to Britain their customs and their laws. Here, they had to make themselves masters of district after district by hard fighting ; and as they dispossessed and drove away the Britons, the population, the form of government, and even the religion of the country was utterly changed. Rome had withdrawn her legions ; and now, as the Britons were forced, step by step, to give way, the law, literature, and civilization of Rome, were swept away by the conquerors' swords.

Christianity had been introduced into Britain during the period of Roman rule ; and when the English invaders had driven the Britons from the greater part of the land which had once been their own, the churches still stood, but were bereft of priest and congregation, for the new-comers were heathens, and the very days of the week henceforth bore the names of their strange gods.

England settled down on British soil, and several little kingdoms rose on the wreck of Britain. The king's power, however, in time of peace, was small ; and though the succession became hereditary in a single house, each successive king was still the free choice of the people. Each township (or settlement surrounded by a "tun" or trench) became a self-ruling body ; the folk-moot, or gathering of the people in arms, was

at once war-host, highest law-court, and general parliament of the tribe ; and below this was the hundred-moot, or gathering of the representatives of the townships to make laws for the district, and to sit in judgment upon those who were accused of grave crimes.

In each township every free-man possessed a house and arable land, and also a share of the meadow-land ; though even the plow-land was at first subject to fresh division as the number of claimants became greater. In these earlier days there were but few slaves, for each conqueror found himself entitled to a share of the land he had helped to win ; but as time passed, freemen were forced by famine "to bend their heads in the evil days for meat ;" a criminal whose kinsfolk could not pay his fine became a crime-serf ; and the children of those in bondage were born slaves. Besides the freemen and the serfs, there was a middle class who, arriving after the final distribution of the land in the townships, did service in tillage and in war for land held. The læt was a tenant who could not leave his lord's land, but whilst he rendered the services due, the lord was bound to give him aid and protection in return.

In the early days every freeman was equal within the township, and the ætheling or host-leader only became a dictator in time of war, after being elected by the votes of the freemen. But when the power of the kings increased, the æthelings or earls were nominated by them, and exempted from the jurisdiction of town-moot and hundred-moot ; and for services to their sovereign they received grants of public land which made them a local nobility, and continued service for the use of



roasted, on spits ; fish and poultry were also consumed, and boiled salted beef and mutton lent some variety to the bill

of fare ; beans were often served, green in due season, and dried in winter and spring ; and bread appears to have been eaten in large quantities, with milk, butter and cheese.

the land being expected, we find in this the commencement of the feudal system in England.

In the scene before us, which has been reproduced by our artist from an ancient manuscript, a just and righteous chieftain is represented, within whose courtyard beggars are admitted to receive the alms of their lord ; and he and his good lady are occupied in distributing bread, whilst servants are bringing out raiment with which to clothe the naked. The larger building, ending in a round tower, is the hall ; the buildings to the left are bowers for sleeping ; and by the right is the domestic chapel.

The hall was the most important part of the mansion ; and the doors of this were never shut to those who, even if strangers, appeared worthy of admission. The lord kept open house, and dining in private was deemed disgraceful. The walls of the hall were bedecked with arms and tapestry hangings ; a fire of wood or coal burned in the centre, the smoke ascending to an opening above ; cushioned benches were placed against the walls ; but the board and tressels, which formed the dining table, were only brought in at meal times.

The swine of the forests were plentiful, and pork, the usual meat, was served, as

There was much drinking after dinner, and minstrels sang, played, or told stories to pass the afternoon and evening hours away ; but before the revelry was at its height, the ladies had departed to their bowers, where for bedding they found sacks filled with straw, which were sometimes placed upon bedsteads, but more often either in some recess or upon the floor.

Ladies, in their bowers, passed much of their time in spinning and weaving ; but the highest in rank had their fancy needlework, and at an early date English embroidery became celebrated and was exported to the Continent.

The lady of the house, however high her rank, devoted most of her time to domestic duties ; she waited at table upon the nobler guests and upon her husband, and it was her hand which presented to them the cup of mead ; and it was she who welcomed the guests, and gave to the parting the stirrup-cup.

As to the duties of the young and fair, a writer of the period says : " It beseems a damsel to be oftentimes seated at her work-table ; a rambling woman scatters words, she is again and again charged with faults, a man thinks of her with contempt, and oft he smites her cheek."



He had not even the distinction of being ugly. He was one of those drab-coloured featureless people whom no one would ever credit with being clever, interesting, or even wicked; and there are very few of us who do not judge the book by the cover. He was rather beneath the medium height, he

was fat, and his clothes were not of a cut to display his figure to advantage. And the worst of it was that he possessed a keen critical faculty, and was a good deal ashamed of that common-place exterior of his. Moreover, he had expensive tastes, for he came of a good, though impecunious, family, he liked cultivated society, fine surroundings, well-cooked dinners, and he possessed sixty pounds a year, and an uncle from whom he had expectations; but he had had the expectations so long that he had come to take them as a matter of course, and would have been surprised to see them changed into realities.

If his uncle had not had rheumatism he might have died sooner, but the rheumatism made him so careful that it seemed to have given him the gift of immortality. There were times when Tom felt tempted to lure the old gentleman out on a showery day, and leave him for an hour or two on a damp seat in the park; but he did not yield to this evil suggestion, nor to that other more subtle one, to provoke him to wrath after a heavy dinner and bring on the apoplexy which, to judge by the small space there was between his head and shoulders, would easily attack him. No, he let the old man live his selfish life in his bachelor apartments in Piccadilly, while he

lived his unsatisfying one in the dull room in a low part of the Edgware Road neighbourhood, for which he paid the weekly rent of seven and sixpence.

He was very unhappy, poor Tom; he was oppressed by his sordid surroundings, depressed by his own lack of social qualifications, impressed by the stern realities of existence. Moreover, he was in love; so much in love that when of an evening he leaned out of his window and smoked the pipe, which was his one and only luxury, he looked away from the busy, ragged, noisy crowds, which quarrelled and fought, and made their purchases, and did their rough courting, up to the still heavens, and felt at peace; so much so that he heard not the oaths or the laughter, or the loud talking beneath him, but only the low tones of Helen Power speaking to him kindly in the dimly-lit conservatory; so much so, too, that as she was his world, and all the other world but as a shadow across his path, he felt it would be better that death should come to him than that he should have to live without her.

For he would have to live without her. He knew that well enough. Even if he already possessed the money which one day might be his, he would have no chance, and certainly he had none as it was. Talented, wealthy, beautiful and good, there were great and clever and distinguished men who would be proud to have her for a wife, and he would never have dared even to let her know that he loved her, for though he was but too well aware of the fact, he did not wish her to tell him that it was impossible she could care for him. Out of a mistaken kindness, a City friend had asked Tom Cheadle to go and stay with him and have a little shooting, and Tom, who was weak in some respects, could not refuse the chance of two weeks' ease and comfort and pleasure, though he knew from bitter experience that he would feel out of place,

and balance his enjoyment by suffering, for to a sensitive poor man there are many little things that go to make up a social martyrdom, and which would never occur to one uninitiated into the positive pain of not being able to give a servant a decent tip, and of having to keep his underclothing under lock and key, lest a curious eye should perceive its lamentable deficiencies.

It was while on this visit that Tom met Miss Power, and lost at once his heart, and his peace of mind.

He was so altogether beneath her notice that he thought it kind of her to pay as much attention to him as she did. It was a mistaken kindness, arising out of her pity for the small, ordinary man who ate so much at meal-times, and said so little. There were two other gentlemen staying in the house, both society men, one of them brilliantly clever, and they were willing to do more than flirt with her; perhaps it was to escape their attentions that she asked Tom Cheadle so many questions about himself, and proved how sympathetic a listener she could be.

The holiday came to an end. He had shaken hands with her, and walked the length of the great drawing room with tears in his eyes, due to the consciousness that he would in all probability never see her again, and a miserable feeling that he must be cutting but a sorry figure before her in that old short coat of his, which had seen so much service. The pathos of daily life often arises from details which may seem ludicrous to lookers on.

He had gone back to his seat in the office and to his dingy lodgings, to his insufficient meals and his monotonous even-

ings, with a weight of pain which yet was mingled with joy, and which he would not have been without; he had gone back to dream idle day dreams, to wish for the impossible, to taste the bitter sweet of hopeless love, to lie wide-eyed and sleepless on his bed, and to greet the dawn with tears, to awaken to the depths of hitherto unimagined passion in his nature, and to be for ever transformed and to see a transformed world, all for love of a woman.

He had no friend in whom to confide, he had very little to distract his thoughts; he had no taste for low pleasures, and he could not afford expensive ones; he had liked books once, but now he could not fix his attention on them; and there was no vent for the restlessness which possessed him, no mode of changing the current of his thoughts or of drowning thought altogether. One evening he went to see the same friend who had invited him into the country; they played cards and there was much whiskey; at first poor Tom was incapable of taking much interest in the game, but by and by he grew lively, even noisy. He felt gay and light-hearted as he had not done for weeks, and that though he lost—but they played so low, the loss was inconsiderable. He went home humming a song. The next day his friend gave

him a small parcel; he was as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived. "Tom," he said, blushing, "you praised my whiskey last night, and—and you seemed to like it, old chap. I wish you would accept a bottle. It comes in useful sometimes."

Tom accepted it gratefully. He knew it was the whiskey which had put so much

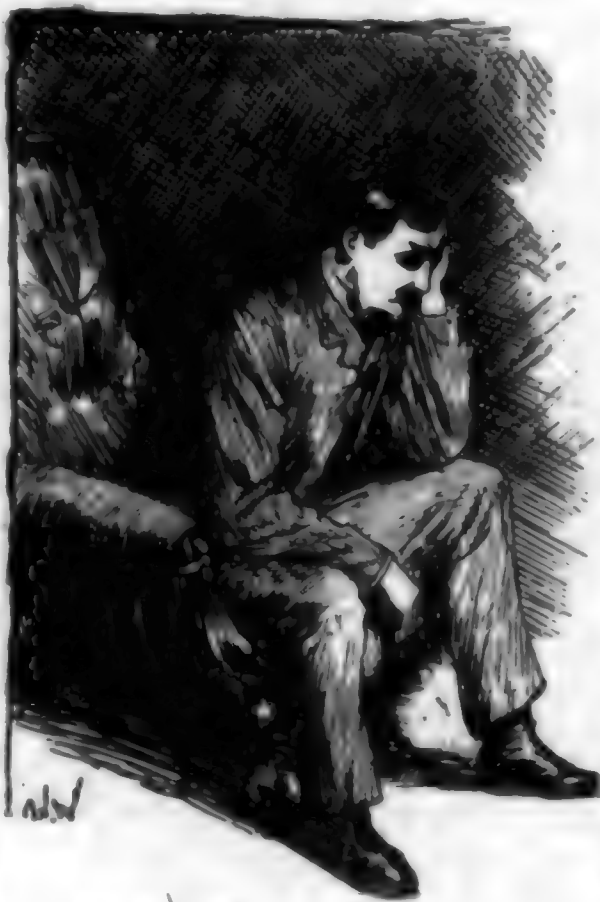


IN THE DIMLY-LIT CONSERVATORY.

spirit in him last night, in more senses than one; he took it home with him, and he opened it that evening.

He had been poor before, but now he seemed to be harder up than ever, and shabbier, and less respectable, and by and by his possessions began to diminish; the silver-mounted pipe, which his uncle had given him in a fit of unwonted generosity, found its way to an "uncle," who was the brother of neither his father nor his mother, and the little teapot of Worcester china, which had been a valued memento of the latter, performed the gymnastic feat of going "up the spout," while one or two odds and ends of some slight value, which had been wont to lie about on his mantel-piece, were now, as he informed the landlady's daughter, "put away."

The landlady's daughter was sorry. She took a tender interest in Tom, did Polly Winter. She knew he was a gentleman, and she pitied him because he was lonely, and because, from experience, she knew what it was to be out of harmony with one's surroundings, and the mere



HIS THOUGHTS WERE SAD.

fact that beyond the greetings of ordinary courtesy he never was familiar with herself, was, according to Polly's standard, a point in his favour. And so it was a real grief to her when one evening he met her on the stairs and muttered some indistinct remark to her, smiling idiotically. She looked at him with astonishment, and then she ran into her room and threw herself on her bed, and cried. And from that day she regarded Tom anxiously when she saw him, and still more anxiously did she regard the bottle which he kept in his cupboard, and which was renewed more often than she cared to see. He never attempted to hide the bottle, and there was no need to keep it under lock

and key, because the Winters had proved themselves so honest in the matter of butter and bacon, to say nothing of matches, that they were above suspicion.

One day Tom heard at the office that Miss Power was engaged to be married to a Member of Parliament.

He did not go home that afternoon, for he hated the thought of that little room of his; instead, he turned in the other direction and plunged into the heart of the City. His work was in the Law Courts. He went down Fleet Street at a break-neck pace, and on and on he strode till he found himself in Whitechapel. He had no reason for going there, only he felt he must go somewhere, and that did as well as anywhere else. It did not matter. Nothing mattered. What was it to anyone what he did, or where he went, or what became of him? He had no part in anybody's life, and his own was very little use. No use that he could see, and certainly no pleasure, either to himself or anybody else. What was the good of life at all? He looked about him. Squalor was here, poverty, misery, want. Look at the coarse-faced women and the brutal men; look at the crowds of dirty children. How they swarmed! Look at the shops with their cheap wares and their flaring gas-lights. What did those cheap wares mean? What, but cruelty? The youth and the strength of girls had gone to make them, the health of women, the joy of children. Pah! It was a hard world, in which every man strove for himself, and his gain meant the loss of another. He was sick of this existence. The one thing he craved for was denied him. He was reckless as to what became of him. The world was full of human beings. How they suffered. One, more or less, what did it matter? Who cared? Not he.

He went home very late, but he was not at all drunk. He was tired, but quite calm. He smiled bitterly as he went up the stairs. This was his *home*; there would be no one to greet him, no supper would be prepared for him, and he had scarcely tasted food that day, and it would not matter to a soul if he stayed out all night in the cold. Ah, well! He felt the little bottle which was in his pocket, and the touch comforted him.

He had been mistaken in his surmises. There *was* someone to greet him, and there *was* supper awaiting him, and a fire, though he had not ventured to start fires yet.

When he was cold in the evening he had one way of warming himself.

"Ah," said Polly cheerfully, "here you are at last."

She had her hair very well done, and she wore a pretty red dress and a holland apron, and her cheeks had a delicious colour, and her eyes shone.

"Here you are," she repeated, and she glanced wistfully at his face. "I took the liberty of lighting a fire for you, and my sweetheart must be in an excellent temper, it is burning so splendidly; and did you ever see such a beautiful chop? There!" and she popped it on the gridiron, and laid it above the red coals.

"I don't want anything to eat, thank you, Miss Winter," said Tom, wearily.

"Nonsense," said Miss Winter emphatically. And she bustled about in a way that meant business. "You want that chop, and a cup of coffee, and some bread and butter, and I want to see you consume them."

And consume them he did before long, and Miss Winter watched him and chattered to him the while, and even made him laugh once or twice, by her funny tales. She knew what was the matter with him, bless you; she had been through it, and she was full of sympathy.

She did not rise to go till she saw some colour in his pale face and some light in his eyes; nay, she did not even go then. She waited till he began to look drowsy.

Then she said:

"Really, it's quite improper my staying so long. I shall have mother calling me. Good night, Mr. Cheadle." She took his hand in her strong, warm grasp. "Good night, Mr. Cheadle," she said again, "and—God bless you." Her words and her touch remained with him, and strengthened his heart to endurance. "Good night, and—God bless you."



SHE EVEN MADE HIM LAUGH

"God has'nt taken much trouble about me" he thought to himself, sadly, and he lay back in his chair; and as he watched the fire he reviewed his life drearily. It had been a life without great misfortunes, but, alas, without great joys—a colourless life—and it did not seem to him to have been under any guidance, or to have had any aim. He was so occupied in dreaming over the past that he forgot the future, and for the time being he forgot, too, the little bottle, the contents of which he had meant to make use of that night. The result of his hot supper and the fire was to send him to sleep, and when he awoke in the morning it was to find himself in his arm chair, and to see the sunlight stealing in through the blinds.

He rose yawning, and wondering what it all meant, and then the recollection of last night flashed across him. Involuntarily he put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a small packet. With a steady hand he pulled off the paper, and held up the bottle before his eyes. It was labelled, "Laudanum."

He flung open his window, and leant out. He was almost resolved to throw the poison far away into the street, but somehow he hesitated to do it. He glanced back into his room. In the grate were grey ashes, the remnants of last evening's meal littered the table, the gas had been burning all night, and the atmosphere, especially as contrasted with the outer air, was vitiated and oppressive. Suddenly the sound of bells from a neighbouring church smote upon his ear.

They were ringing for morning service. They reminded him of other bells—wedding bells—and flinging his head up in an attitude of defiant recklessness, he strode up to his cupboard and placed the bottle on a shelf, within easy reach.

He felt at peace now. He knew that when existence became unendur-

able, there would be no need to continue it.

That morning, when he had gone to the city, the landlady's daughter came to do his room. There was a servant to do the rough work, but Miss Winter was not above helping, and she thought that Mr. Cheadle's room should have a thorough turn out, under her supervision. She was not a person to do things by halves, and she gave orders that the cupboard should be cleaned. She herself took out the contents. She looked anxiously at the whiskey bottle; it was as she had seen it last. But—what was this little bottle?

Now Tom Cheadle had one good point in the matter of looks, and that was his teeth; he had particularly good, even, white teeth, and it had been his boast that he had never had the tooth-ache in his life. So it was not probable that he intended to put this to the use for which so many people kept it. No; Miss Winter had her suspicions, awful suspicions, increased by the word above the label: "POISON," and by the recollection of the look in Tom's eyes when he came home yesterday; she knew what it meant, and she turned cold and sick.

She went through her work miserably enough, and she was so absent-minded that she did not rebuke the "general" when that lady stood upon Tom's leather chair—a personal possession—to polish the scratched glass over the mantel-piece. But she came to a certain conclusion, and it seemed to her that the end justified the means. She took the little bottle round to the chemist's at the corner, and gave it into his hands

for a few minutes; and when she got back she replaced the bottle on Tom's shelf behind the big black one, just where it had been before, but she knew now which of the two was the more dangerous.

Whether it was the consciousness that he had the wherewithal to ease his heartache there is no knowing, but for some reason Tom was more cheerful for the next few weeks than he had been for a long time.

It was just before Helen Power's wedding day that the old misery came upon him. It seemed as if he had been sleeping, and that it was she who woke him up to a consciousness of his pain. She asked him to her wedding. She was so happy herself, that she could not but feel kindly disposed to all the world, and she remembered Tom Cheadle, and did not wish him to think she despised him for being poor. This was the only way she had of showing him a little attention, and she would not miss the opportunity. And how was she to know what a tumult of passion, and wrath, and misery, what visions of the unattainable, what pangs of envy, were caused by the little piece of cardboard, with the invitation in silver letters upon it? But he did not refuse what she offered him. He would



SHE TOOK THE LETTER UP HERSELF.

spend all he possessed to buy clothes, in which he should be fit to appear at her wedding; he would see her in her beauty, maybe touch her hand; he would see, too, this man who had gained so much, because he had already been blessed with wealth and knowledge, and position; he would hear the words said, which would bind them to one another for life, and he would find

strength to wish them happiness. And then—they would go away, and he would come home, and never more would he mingle with his fellow-men, neither would he have cause to envy them.

And so the evening came, and she had been put out of his reach for ever.

He felt no passion now, no anger, no fear. All that was spent. He was only very, very tired. His face, as he took down the bottle, was white and set. He did not care what anyone would say or think of him; he did not care if there were a future

but in his room all was still. And he fell asleep.

At eight o'clock the next morning the postman delivered some letters into the hands of Miss Polly Winter, who, in her morning gown, was taking the air on the door-step. One of these letters was for Thomas J. Cheadle, Esq., and Polly thought she would take it up herself, and, together with it, as the morning was somewhat frosty, a jug of boiling water. She fetched this with great swiftness, and made her way up to the top story.

There was no answer to her knock, nor yet to the repetition of it. She opened the door and went in. Tom was a light sleeper, as a rule, but he did not stir. Polly's heart beat a little quicker than usual, as she put the jug down on the table. There was a sound as if it touched something, and then a small thing rolled on to the ground. She stooped and picked it up. It was the empty bottle. Then she realized from what she had saved him. But had she saved him? How still he lay! A fear seized her. She ran to the window and pulled up the blind so as to let in the sunlight; then she came back to the bedside, and dared to look at him. He lived—he breathed. She had averted a tragedy. She burst into tears, and flung herself on her knees by the bedside, praying aloud.

Tom heard her before he had the strength to open his eyes.

"Oh, God! Thank you for sparing him. Help him to live his life bravely. Make him happy. Let him one day rejoice that he was prevented from doing this thing."

He was not dead, then. The laudanum had failed to do its work. What did it all mean?

"Sir," said Polly. "Mr. Cheadle! are you awake?"

Oh, the dreariness of it! There was a weight upon his heart as he gazed about him. He was utterly depressed and wretched. He pushed away the letter she handed him. His effort to die had been vain.

"Go away," he said; "let me sleep."

She looked at him sadly.

"Sir, it is late. Are you going to take a holiday to-day, sir?"



WHAT WAS THIS LITTLE BOTTLE?

state, or if he would find God awaiting him in judgment; he was only so weary of living, so unfit to struggle, so anxious to be still. He knelt and said the Lord's Prayer in obedience to an instinct; then he poured the liquid into a glass, drank it, and lay down in his bed; he put out the light, folded his arms across his breast, and closed his eyes.

His last thought before he slid into unconsciousness was a trivial one. He missed the ticking of his watch, which he had pawned to buy his "wedding garments."

There was noise in the street without;



"I WILL," SAID POLLY.

He opened his heavy eyes again, and sighed.

"No," he said in a dull voice; "I will get up."

He sickened at the thought of the old dull routine, from which he thought he had escaped.

Polly rose. She still held the bottle in her hand. He caught sight of it, and a quick red flushed his face. He remembered the words he had heard her say, and the tears were still on her cheeks.

"What—what is that?" he stammered, as she laid the empty bottle on the bed.

"I think," said Polly, hesitatingly, "it must have held the sleeping draught you took last night."

He knew then that she had guessed the truth. He looked away from her honest eyes, and began fumbling with the letter, mechanically opening it, and reading it. Suddenly he gave an exclamation and sat up in bed, his eyes shining; and then he broke into hysterical laughter.

"I—I shall not go to the city to-day," he said, in almost incoherent tones. "I think—I shall never go back. I am rich."

"Mr. Cheadle—Sir," cried Polly, wondering if he had taken leave of his senses.

"My uncle died yesterday evening,"

said Tom more soberly, though he could not pretend to any grief.

"Oh, sir!" cried Polly, taking hold of his hand. "Be happy with the money—and good. And thank God for saving your life."

"What do you mean, Miss Winter?" said poor Tom, awkwardly.

The landlady's daughter was not good at deception. She went down on her knees, and told him all the truth.

"I couldn't bear to think of it," she sobbed; "I knew you were unhappy, and I believed you had a use for the horrid stuff, and so I took it to a chemist's and I made him change it to a sleeping draught. There's—there's laudanum in it, but there wasn't enough to hurt you. And—oh, I hope you will forgive me."

"Polly!" said Tom, and then he gave a great sob, and hid his face on the pillow.

The landlady's daughter patted his shoulder in a motherly manner.

"You will thank me one day" she said, "when you are very happy. Never think God deserts us. If He takes away one thing He gives us something else to comfort us. Don't I know?"

"Have you ever cared for some one?" asked Tom, sheepishly.

"I have," said Miss Winter, "and I wouldn't marry him now for the world."

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"There are reasons" said Miss Winter, "and one is, that I have found someone else I think I shall be happier with."

"Are you going to be married?" he enquired, with interest.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said she, with a twinkle in her eye. "He hasn't asked me yet, but I should make him such an excellent wife, that I believe he will. He is the sort of person," she continued, moving towards the door, "that needs looking after."

"Polly" Tom cried, for she was blushing so furiously that there was no mistaking her, "come back!"

It might have been forward of her, but he did not think so. He needed love so sorely.

Polly shook her head.

"Not yet," she said.

"Polly," Tom urged, "you have saved my life. It belongs to you. Be my wife."

"I will," said Polly, "when you have learned to love me."

Laura and Her Rival.

A DOLL'S STORY, BY LEOPOLD WAGNER.



MAKING her new doll with her, Miss Ethel went to bed at last, and the nursery was once more still. But it was not still for long. The minute the sound of her footsteps had died away on the stairs, all her other dolls began to speak their minds pretty freely. They were all very vexed indeed, to think that they should have been left, sitting in a row on the sofa, just as Miss Ethel had arranged them for the doll's party that afternoon, instead of being nicely put away to bed in the cupboard, for the night. To tell the truth, that young lady had allowed herself to be taken up so much with her new doll, that she thought no more about her older pets. Worse still, she had not even undressed her favourite, Laura, much less taken her to bed with her. The poor thing now sat apart from the rest, at the far end of the sofa, looking very sulky, and feeling very jealous of her new rival.

"Did you ever see such a monster?" cried Daisy, a flaxen-haired creature with a china face and large grey eyes, who thought herself the best looking of the lot.

"A perfect fright, indeed!" said Emmeline, who wore a pink frock with a blue sash. "Not a bit like any of us."

"I should think not!" said Constance, "I'd be very sorry to have her ugly face."

"And so should I," said Addie.

"Yes; if ever there was a nigger, she's one," Albertina observed.

"If you call her a nigger, I wonder what you call me!" remarked the coal-black Zulu doll. "I never heard tell of a nigger with that colour face. Why it isn't black, by a very long way."

"Perhaps she's what they call a half-caste?" said the funny little man with the brass cymbals; whereupon he clapped his cymbals merrily, as if knowing he had said a good thing. This rather startled his friends for the minute; because nobody had taken him up to give him a squeeze in the belt, and, as far as they were aware, he wasn't able to clap his hands together by himself. But, just then, a proud, wax-faced miss, with movable eyes, who had quite mistaken the little man's meaning, chimed in with the words:

"She never could have been cast at all!

There's no wax about her; for I ought to know. And then, only think of her eyes!"

"Pray, don't begin about her eyes, unless you want me to remind you of something!" said a pert wooden creature with very red cheeks, and great dabs of black for hair and eyebrows, instead of the real thing, which made her look very plain and cheap by the side of the rest. This one was always picking a quarrel with the wax-faced Adèle, for nothing more than sheer jealousy.

"I wish you'd keep your nasty remarks to yourself," was all that Adèle answered.

"I'm not going to say anything at all," returned the spiteful Florrie; "but if I choose to ask my little sweetheart in the pretty sailor suit to tell us what happened to you the other day, I know he will."

The sailor boy did not wait to be asked to begin. "Yes, I know," he said, with a chuckle. "It was in this way. After Miss Pastyface here was put to bed, something went wrong with her eyes; for next morning she got up with the most awful squint I ever saw."

"You needn't all begin to laugh!" pleaded the injured Adèle, seeing how they all enjoyed the joke. "It was only because Miss

Ethel laid me down that night on my bare head, instead of giving me my pillow, as she ought to have done. So, of course, my eyes went back a bit too far, and stuck there, showing the whites—that's all."



THE STRANGE LOOKING DOLL.

"And if Miss Ethel hadn't got her mamma to give you a right down good shaking, you might be squinting now!" laughed the sailor boy.

"But that wasn't half so bad as what happened to a waxwork young party I once knew," said the little man with the cymbals.

"Oh, who was she? Do tell us all about it!" cried his friends all at once.

"Well," he went on, "as she's not here, there can't be any offence; so I will. It was one Saturday night, just after Miss Ethel had taken her bath. She would

have the 'gentle Annie,' as she called her, in her arms, while Rose, the nursemaid, was drying her hair; when all at once, I don't know how it came about, she let her drop right inside the bath. Of course, 'gentle Annie' had to be fished out of the water, all wringing wet, and with her clothes quite spoilt. Miss Ethel cried very much, because she couldn't take her wax-faced beauty to bed with her; but there was no help for it, 'gentle Annie' had to be undressed, and put in front of the fire to dry again. Well, the first thing in the morning,



THE HEAT HAD MADE HER RUN.

Miss Ethel went to see how she was getting on. But, what do you think? The heat of the fire had made her *run* into the fender; and all that was left of 'gentle Annie,' was her stuffed body."

At this, all the dolls laughed as hard as they could; that is to say, all except poor Laura, who was in anything but a laughing humour.

"It served her right," plain Florrie added.

"What! you don't mean Miss Ethel!" said Daisy, in surprise.

"No; the wax thing," was the reply. "I do so hate favourites!" As Florrie said this, she threw a wicked glance at Laura.

"But what about the brown-faced beauty?" asked Adèle, anxious to change the subject.

"Do you call her a beauty?" cried Constance. "Why she's a perfect scare-crow."

"Of course, that's what I meant to say," Adèle answered. "Does anybody know where she comes from?"

"She's bound to be a foreigner, by her face," said Emmeline, proud to know she was English herself.

"She's never seen my country, I'm sure," said the Chinese mandarin, with the pigtail, and yellow face, and almond-shaped eyes.

"No, she's anything but a china doll," the proud Adèle put in, again falling into a mistake over the question.

"Perhaps she's French?" suggested the sailor boy.

"Most likely; her robe seems to be in the latest fashion," said Albertina.

"Oh, you can dress any old stick up to look fine," answered Florrie, in disgust.

"I suppose you would think yourself a very pretty stick, indeed, then, if you had her robe on," Adèle retorted.

This quite put Florrie out of temper, so she said no more.

"Miss Ethel never put her out of her hands all the time we saw her," Addie remarked.

"Maybe she's fit for nothing, but to be down with her legs straight out," said Albertina.

"As stiff as a poker," the little man put in.

"As flat as a board," added the sailor boy.

"Without being able to bend her knees, even," said Emmeline. "How awkward that must be."

"Well, if that's the case, it's very certain she'll never suffer from rheumatics in the joints," chuckled the little man, clapping his cymbals. No one seemed to take the least notice of this joke; but when Adèle cut in with the remark, "There's one thing, she can't have any springs about her to make her sit easy, as I have," the spiteful Florrie caught her up by saying, "as for that, nothing can beat the old-fashioned wooden joints," in praise of herself, of course.

It was now Addie's turn to change the subject.

"I wonder what *somebody* will do now!" she said, looking across the sofa at poor Laura, with a great deal of meaning.

"Yes," said Daisy, "it'll be many a day, perhaps, before Miss Ethel takes her to her own bed again."

"All I can say is, she's been made a favourite of quite long enough," said Constance.

"Very nice for her to get taken out on a fine day in the bright sunshine, while we're only thought good enough to be trotted out now and then to a doll's party," grumbled the sailor boy.

"Yes; it's high time she gave someone else a chance," said Emmeline.

"Even if it's only a Brown Betty," quickly added the little man, again clapping his cymbals in delight at his own joke.

"Well, I'm not sorry she's been thrown over at last," said Addie. "She shouldn't have been so stuck up."

"Yes ; she always did think herself better than everybody else," said Albertina. "And now she's got to find out how it feels to be put on the shelf."

There is no knowing how many more of these unkind remarks would have been thrown out at poor Laura, if Rose, the nursemaid, had not just then burst into the room. This had the effect of keeping



THE GAS TURNED OUT.

all the dolls perfectly quiet until the place had been put to rights, ready for the morning, and the gas turned out. By this time they were all very tired ; and as nobody began the talking again, they one by one dropped off to sleep.

Poor Laura never slept a wink all night. How could she ? It was quite bad enough to have to hear all the nasty things said about her during the last few minutes ; but to find herself propped up in the corner of the sofa with all her fine clothes on, when she had always been used to go to sleep on Miss Ethel's arm, in her nice warm bed, was more than she could bear. The end of it all was she had a good cry, and, no doubt, this did her good.

Laura was really a very fine doll. Her head could not have been better modelled ; no hair was ever more real than hers ; while every single one of her eyebrows and eyelashes was let into the wax with the greatest care. Her eyes, too, were as much like real eyes as anything could possibly be. Then her neck, arms, and feet, were every bit as finely formed as her face. Therefore, it was nothing but jealousy, concerning her good looks, which had made her disliked among Miss Ethel's plainer dolls.

Unlike her tormentors, Laura knew very well where the new doll came from. She heard it all in the drawing-room that afternoon, while the other dolls were having their party in the nursery. Miss Ethel had scarcely put them all in their places, when Rose came in to say her uncle had just come back from Paris, and brought her something. In less than a minute she found herself downstairs in the drawing-room, kissing her dear old uncle, and, tucking poor Laura under one of her arms, so that she might have both hands free to take hold of the strange looking doll he had brought her. "Oh, what a funny colour it is," she cried.

"Whatever can it be made of ?" But neither her uncle nor her mamma satisfied her on this point. Maybe they did not know themselves ; or if they did, they had no wish to tell her. Still, whatever it was, the novelty of the brown-faced doll, to say nothing of the rich robe she wore, in the latest Paris style, took Miss Ethel's fancy so much that as soon as she got back into the nursery she sat poor Laura down on the sofa, and never took her up again.

Let us now see how Miss Ethel herself fared with her new fancy.

As soon as Rose had undressed and put her to bed she kissed her doll a great many times before she laid her tenderly on her arm, to go to sleep beside her. During the night she dreamt all sorts of strange things ; for one, that some naughty girl was trying to take her doll away from her by force. This made her fondle her treasure even closer ; so close, in fact, that her lips were pressed against the doll's cheeks all the time. In the morning, when Rose came into the room to draw up the window-blind, and help her to dress, she exclaimed, "Why, Miss Ethel, whatever in the world is the matter with your face ? I declare, it's as brown as I don't know what !" Just then her eyes caught sight of the doll lying nestled in Miss Ethel's arms. "I see now," she went on, "you must have been kissing that horrid new doll of yours, and the paint has come off !"



SHE DREAMED STRANGE THINGS.

This simple truth was quite enough to put Miss Ethel into a little temper.

"Paint !" she cried in an instant.

"Well, I never expected uncle would bring me a painted wooden old thing all the way from Paris !" Saying which, she threw the doll on to the floor with as much force as she could muster. By this time Rose had drawn up the blind, when the light, streaming into the room, enabled her to examine the brown object a little closer. "It's a great wonder," she said, stooping to pick the doll off the floor, "the nasty brown stuff hasn't marked the bedclothes ; for if it had, your mamma would have been very cross. I should just like to know what the horrible thing can be made of. It isn't wood, it's

much too light for that: besides it made hardly any noise when you pitched it on the floor just now."

"Then, what is it, Rose?" Miss Ethel asked.

"I'll tell you in a minute," was the answer, as, fired with a bright idea, the



ETHEL ASKS MAMMA.

nurse-maid at once pinched off the doll's nose, and popped it in her mouth. From the way she smacked her lips directly after, it must have been very nice. "Why, it's exactly as I thought, Miss

Ethel," she said, presently. "And what do you think it is?"

"Please, Rose, tell me," returned the young lady, half vexed, and half curious, "I can't even guess."

"Well, then, it's chocolate!"

"Chocolate!" Miss Ethel exclaimed, as, jumping out of bed, she seized the doll with both hands. "Whoever would have thought of such a thing?" she went on. "The very idea. I think uncle might have told me, though. I don't like to be played tricks. And just when I thought I'd got a doll different to everybody else's, it's turned out like this. I won't have any more to do with it; I won't take it in my hands again!"

"I dare say, Miss Ethel, your uncle intended you to find out for yourself what

his present was made of," said Rose, in a quiet tone.

"Well, then," answered the young lady, "just to show him how fond I am of chocolate, I'll gobble it all up as fast as I can."

"If I were in your place," said the other, "I wouldn't be so selfish as to eat it all myself. I think I'd share it with my play-mates."

"That's just what I'll do, then," was the return. "I'll ask mamma to let me have a party this afternoon; and then, won't we have a feast!"

This was exactly what took place. No sooner were her daily lessons over than, by favour of her mamma, Miss Ethel invited a few little friends to what she called a "chocolate tea-party," and to them she told the whole story of her uncle's queer present. But the greatest fun of all was by and by, when all the dolls fell to talking and laughing in the cupboard over the way things had turned out, and how their rival had been disposed of. Still, in one respect, they were not at all pleased. The much despised Laura became a greater favourite with Miss Ethel than before; and when that young lady brought her down into the nursery from her bedroom the next morning, they saw she was wearing the pretty robe which had belonged to her late rival. Now they all hate her more than ever; but Laura does not mind that a little bit, simply because Miss Ethel has firmly made up her mind never to put her aside again for any new favourite.





Life in Darkest London

By James Greenwood

(THE AMATEUR CASUAL.)



PROVIDED with money for the purpose on the liberal scale he himself proposed, the commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army hopes to effect such a revolution among the lowest of the low as shall eradicate from our midst the gangrenous growth that loudly gives the lie to our vaunted moral and social advancement.

The "general," and the hundreds working under him, have been anything but idle during the past fifth of a century; and, to carry on the good work, he has been intrusted with what in the aggregate must amount to a vast sum indeed. And yet, as he informs us, the condition of that class it has all along been his one aim to benefit was never more degraded and poverty-ridden and utterly heathenish than at the present day.

Mr. Booth, possessed of almost unlimited means, and with a large staff of experienced and trustworthy colleagues to assist him,

will be and is, of course, able to remedy a great deal that is radically wrong; but it is difficult to understand how the marvellous metamorphosis foreshadowed is to be effected by any new process possible to human invention. Without the least desire to disparage the dauntless Salvationist leader, it is undeniable that scores of men,

and women as well, as wise and courageous, and as self-sacrificing as himself, have nobly devoted the greater portion of their lives, and their fortunes as well, to ameliorate the bitterly hard life of those on whom, by way of novelty, the appellation of "submerged tenth" has recently been bestowed.

There are many institutions, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, that for more than a quarter of a century past have been and are still doing what seemingly is the very best that can possibly be done for the utterly homeless and destitute. Take, for example, the Refuge for the Homeless, near Raven Row, Spitalfields—a locality that swarms abundantly, almost as mites in an over-aged cheese, with the lowest of the low, as well as with those who are stricken with abject poverty through no fault of their own. Foremost among these latter are men, each with wife and family, who, because of sickness or protracted compulsory idleness, have been unable to pay the exorbitant rent demanded in such neighbourhoods for one or two wretched rooms, and are consequently turned literally, not figuratively, into the street.

Under the most recent Act bearing on the subject, it is ordered that a defaulter's only bed and bedding, and the tools of his craft, as well as a few necessary articles of domestic furniture of the value of five pounds, are to be exempt from the operation of the broker's "levy." But this legislative enactment is seldom, if ever, observed in the poorer parts of the east-end parishes, otherwise, hundreds of the single room tenants, if they were dishonestly disposed, might live rent free. Goods worth five pounds indeed! I would undertake to find, within the limited area of a mile square rear-ward of Shoreditch Church a thousand so-called "homes," the value of which a second-hand furniture dealer would appraise at less than



fifteen shillings; and half as many more, the household goods pertaining to which he would not fetch away, were they offered him for nothing.

Those whose personal knowledge of "darkest London" is less than that of "darkest Africa," read about such things, and are much shocked and indignant that somebody—they have a curiously vague idea as to whom—should not "see into" such matters. But if they themselves could "see into" an average specimen or two of some of these places, where whole families work, and eat and drink by day, and sleep by night, I rather think it would make a deeper impression on them.

When the rent collector, who has such a tenant in arrear to the amount say, of ten shillings, he does not attempt to make an inventory and leave a "man in possession," he simply says to the defaulter, "I won't have any more of this; get out." But he there and then sees the tenant put out—he and his wife and children. For all the value they are, as already stated, he might say, "go, and take your 'bits of sticks' with you;" but his duty to his employer demands that he should be superior to any such good-natured weakness. Therefore he has the crazy table, and the two old chairs, and the dreadful bedstead, and the rags in a sack representing a bed, carted to the "store yard" of the estate, and burnt.

And now, whither shall the unfortunate evicted ones turn? True, they may enter the workhouse, but in the out-of-work slop tailor's opinion, and in the opinion of his threadbare wife, they have not sunk quite as low as that as yet. There is no need for them to do so. Residing in the neighbourhood, they must have heard of the "Home for the Homeless" in Raven Row, and they will not knock in vain at the door of that asylum. Outcasts of all kinds, and from all parts, to the number of about three hundred nightly,

find shelter there, and all are sure of something for supper, and a bed, and a big roll and a mug of cocoa as a "comforter" before they start on their way again next morning.

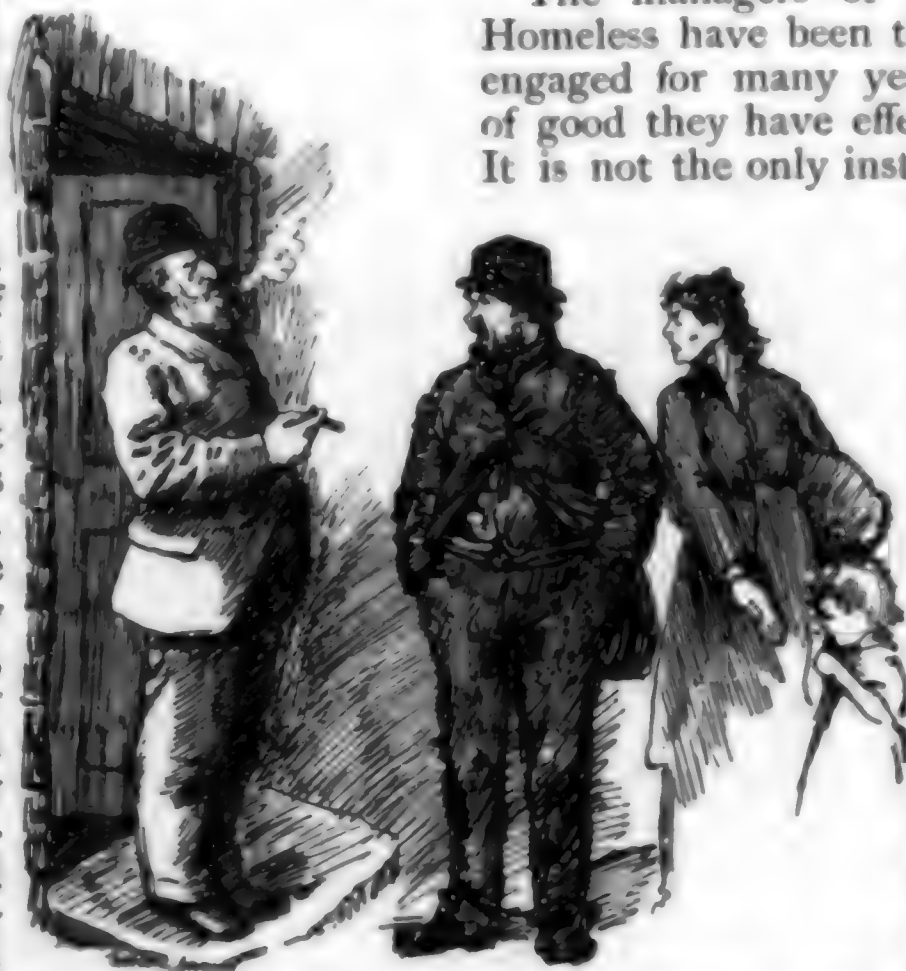
But in cases like that of the evicted tailor and his family, more is done. He is provided with a ticket that entitles him, with his wife and little ones, to supper, bed, and breakfast, for a week; and meanwhile enquiries are made, and if the result is satisfactory, the poor tailor is reinstated in a humble home again, and if his children are shoeless, they are shod, and should he and his wife be in rags, decent clothes are given them. In short, the man who, left unassisted, would probably have made a swift descent to ruin, is given a fresh start.

The managers of the Home for the Homeless have been thus unostentatiously engaged for many years, and the amount of good they have effected is incalculable. It is not the only institution of the kind.

Great and small, there are a hundred such in "darkest London." It is impossible, of course, to estimate the exact measure of success that has rewarded the indefatigable efforts of those engaged in the good work, or how much worse matters would by this time have become, had they not kept this ever-growing evil in check. This much is

certain, however, they have not met with such discouragement as to make them faint-hearted or weary of well-doing. Where squalor and vice and hunger and rags are most rife, there they are busiest—quietly and unostentatiously busy, and cheerfully patient and hopeful.

All the same, it is incontestable that vice is very far from being vanquished and banished from our midst, and that tens of thousands of men, women and children, London born and bred, are still herding in the same horrible homes, and leading the same deplorable lives their fathers led before them. May all this be altered! Common humanity, hand-in-hand with Christian charity, works that it may and should be, at no matter what cost or trouble.



But there are formidable difficulties in the way. Difficulties that the bravest hearts and the noblest courage have hitherto found insurmountable. It remains to be seen if William the Conqueror, with his capable officers and his valiant legion, and his well-filled treasure chest, will be able to fulfil his promise and achieve to the full what every one else has partially failed in. No man, least of all the writer, will grudge him his laurels, should he succeed in utterly routing the enemy.

Meanwhile, it will not be unseasonable to review matters as they at present stand.

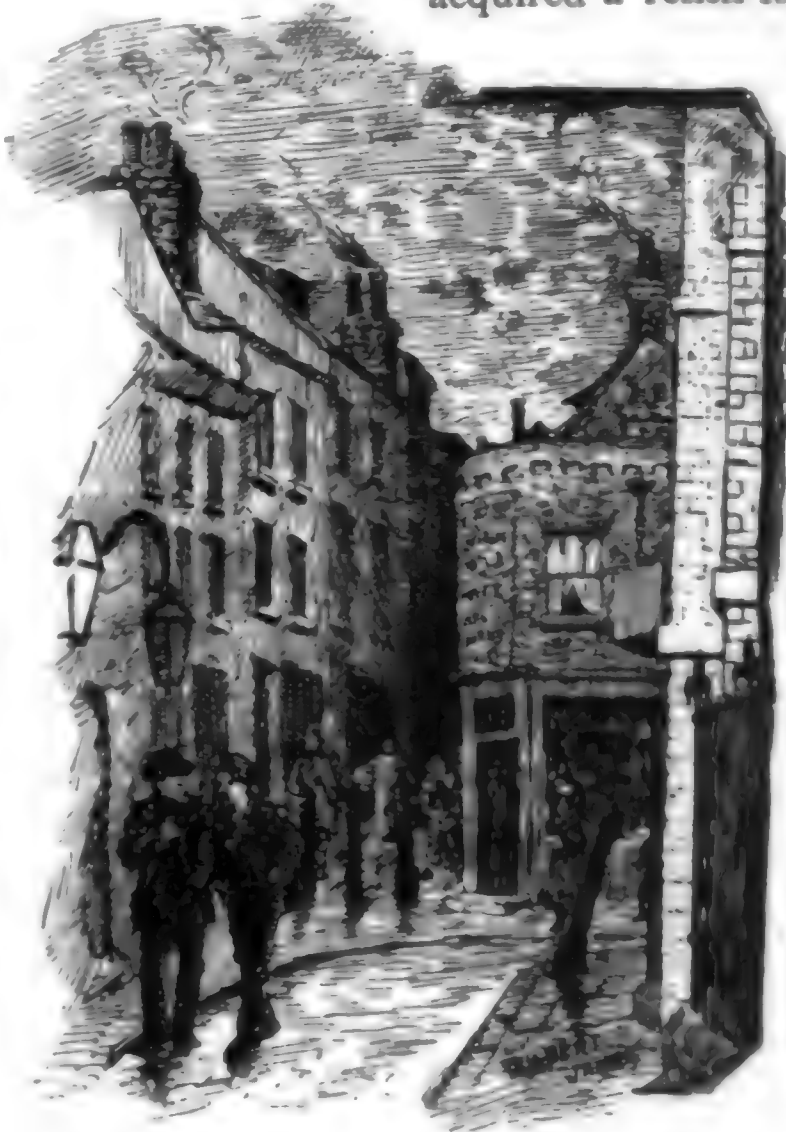
In the limited space at my disposal in these pages I purpose dealing with Life in Darkest London on a plan that, though by no means novel, will give the reader who is entirely unacquainted with the subject, a compact and general idea of what it is really like. It need not be said, to do the wretched slummite justice, and write his autobiography fully and completely would be to fill a volume of very considerable bulk. Still, to a writer who has for many years been familiar with the individual in question, and made a somewhat exhaustive study of him, as well as of his haunts and homes, his habits and manners, it will perhaps be not difficult to tell his story in brief, and at the same time omit nothing that shall stamp the sketch as being flagrantly imperfect.

To know all about the typical alleyite, with a view to deciding what had best be done for him, he must be considered in his several distinct stages of existence. As a child he is particularly worth attention. Indeed, to my thinking, this is the most important feature of the whole great question. It should be borne in mind that the benighted bantling of our back settlements is not as the ordinary child born under more favourable conditions. It is

not deemed necessary to take the latter resolutely in hand, with a view to shaping his future until he is six or seven years old. Previous to that he is regarded as incapable of comprehending the duties and responsibilities of human existence.

But the babe born in squalor is quite another creature. In his case the process of bending the twig so that the tree may be properly inclined must, to prove effective, be begun while the tender growth is green. It toughens and becomes inflexible in an incredibly short time. At an age, my dear madam, when your own darling is not as yet thought too big for the nursery, and the grave question of knickerbockers to supersede frocks has not at present suggested itself, the infant of the slums has learnt, in its lisping way, how to curse and swear, and can invent a lie, and could not plead guiltless to an indictment for picking and stealing. We will, therefore, in the next issue, start with child life in "darkest London," and let go the infantile hand to take that of the prematurely shrewd young ragamuffin of the streets, and must somehow — his parents give themselves no concern on that score — pick up a living for himself or go hungry.

Then we will take him in his next stage, the most dangerous of all, when he has arrived at hobble-de-hoyhood, and has acquired a relish for all the vices that are within his reach. He may develop a preference for gaining a livelihood by work, or he may become a shiftless loafer, or he may drift altogether to the bad, and join the regular army of professional cadgers and thieves. In either of the last mentioned capacities he may take up his abode at a common lodging-house, or he may marry and set up a home of his own. We will follow him, at all events, and note what becomes of him to the end.



The Last Relief.

BY
RUDYARD KIPLING.

"He rode to death across the moor—
Oh, false to me and mine!
But the naked ghost came to my door
And bade me tend the kine.

"The naked ghost came to my door
And flickered to and fro,
And syne it whimpered through the crack
Wi' 'Jeanie, let me go.'"

OLD BALLAD.



NOTHING is easier than the administration of an empire, so long as there is a supply of administrators. Nothing, on the other hand, is more difficult than short-handed administration. In India, where every man holding authority above a certain grade must be specially imported from England,

this difficulty crops up at unexpected seasons. Then the great empire staggers along, like a North Sea fishing smack, with a crew of two men and a boy, until a fresh supply of food for fever arrives from England, and the gaps are filled up.

Some of the provinces are permanently short-handed, because their rulers know that if they give a man just a little more work than he can do, he contrives to do it. From the man's point of view this is wasteful, but it helps the empire forward; and flesh and blood are very cheap. The young men—and young men are always exacting—expect too much at the outset. They come to India, desiring careers, and money, and a little success, and sometimes a wife. There is no limit to their desires, but in a few years it is explained to them by the sky above, the earth beneath, and the men around, that they are of far less importance than their work, and that it really does not concern themselves whether they live or die, so long as that work continues. After they have learned this lesson they become men worth consideration.

Many seasons ago the gods attacked the administration of the Government of India in the heart of the hot season. They caused pestilences and famines, and killed the men who were deputed to deal with each pestilence and every famine. They rolled the small-pox across a desert, and it killed four Englishmen one after the other, leaving thirty thousand square miles masterless for many days. They even caused the cholera to attack the reserve depôts—the sanitarium in the Himalayas—where men were waiting on leave till their turn should

come to go down into the heat. They killed men with sunstroke who otherwise might have lived for three months longer; and—this was mean—they caused a strong man to tumble from his horse and break his neck just when he was most needed. It will not be long—that is to say five or six years will pass—before those who survived forget that season of tribulation, when they danced at Simla with wives who feared that they might be widows before the morning, and when the daily papers from the plains confined themselves entirely to one kind of domestic occurrence.

Only the Supreme Government never blenched. It sat upon the hill tops of Simla, among the pines, and called for returns and statements as usual. Sometimes it called to a dead man, but it always received the returns as soon as his successor could take his place.

Ricketts of Myndonie died, and was relieved by Carter. Carter was invalided home, but he worked to the last minute and left no arrears. He was relieved by Morten-Holt, who was too young for the work. Holt died of sunstroke when the famine was in Myndonie. He was relieved by Damer, a man borrowed from another province, who did all he could, but broke down from overwork. Cromer, in London on a year's leave, was dragged out by telegram from the cool darkness of a Brompton flat to the white heat of Myndonie, and he held fast. That is the record of Myndonie alone.

On the Meonee Canal three men went down; in the Kahan district, when cholera was at its worst, three more. In the Divisional Court of Halimpur two good men were accounted for, and so the record ran, exclusive of the wives and little children. It was a great game of general post with death in all the corners, and it drove the Government to their wits' end to tide over the trouble till autumn should bring the new drafts.

The gods had no mercy, but the Government and the men it employed had no fear. This annoyed the gods, who are immortal, for they perceived that the men whose portion was death were greater than they. The gods are always troubled, even in their paradises, by this sense of inferiority. They know that it is so easy for themselves to be strong and cruel, and they are afraid of being laughed at. So they smote more furiously than ever, just as a swordsman slashes at a chain to prove the temper of his blade.

The chain of men parted for an instant at the stroke, but it closed up again and continued to drag the Empire forward, and not one living link of it rang false, or was weak. All desired life, and love, and the light, and liquor, and larks, but none the less they died without whimpering. Therefore the gods would have continued to slay them till this very day, had not one man failed.

His name was Haydon, and, being young, he looked for all that young men desire;



RICKETTS OF MYNDONIE DIED.

most of all he looked for love. He had been at work in the Girdhauri district for eleven months, till fever and pressure had shaken his nerve more than he knew. At last he had taken the holiday that was his right—the holiday for which he had saved up one month a year for three years past. Keyte, a junior, relieved him one hot afternoon. Haydon shut his ink-stained office box, packed himself some thick clothes—he had been living in cotton-ducks for four months—gave his files of sweat-dotted papers, saw Keyte slide a piece of blotting paper between the naked arm and the desk, and left that parched station of roaring

dust-storms for Simla and the cool of the snows.

There he found rest, and the pink blotches of prickly-heat faded from his body, and being idle he went a-courting without knowing it. After a decent interval, he found himself drifting very gently along the road that leads to the church, and a pretty girl helped him. He enjoyed his meals, was free from the intolerable strain of bodily discomfort, and as he looked from Simla upon the torment of the silver-wrapped plains below, laughed to think he had escaped honourably, and could talk prettily to a pretty girl, who, he felt sure, would in a little time answer an important question as it should be answered.

But, out of natural perversity and an inferior physique, Keyte, at Girdhauri, one evening laid his head upon his table and never lifted it up again, and news was flashed up to Simla that the district of Girdhauri called for a new head. It never occurred to Haydon that he would be in any way concerned, till Hamerton, a secretary of Government, stopped him on the Mall, and said "I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to drop your leave and go back to Girdhauri. You see, Keyte's dead, and — and we have no one else to send, except yourself. The roster's a very short one this season; and you look much better than when you came up. Of course, I'll do all I can to spare you, but I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to go down." The Government, on the other hand, was not in the least afraid. It was quite certain that Haydon must go down. He was in moderately good health, had enjoyed nearly a month's holiday, and the needs of the state were urgent. Let him, they said, return to his

work at Girdhauri. He must forego his leave, but some time in the years to come the Government might repay him the lost months if it were not too short-handed. In the meantime he would return to duty.

The assistants in the *Hara-kiri* of Japan are all intimate friends of the man who must die. They like him immensely, and they bring him the news of his doom with polite sorrow. But he must die, for that is



KEYTE NEVER LIFTED HIS HEAD AGAIN.

required of him.

Hamerton would have spared Haydon, had it been possible, but indeed he was the healthiest man in the ranks, and he knew the district. "You will go down tomorrow," said Hamerton. "The regular notification will appear in the *Gazette* later on. We can't stand on forms this year."

Haydon said nothing, because those who govern India obey the law. He looked (it was evening) at the line of the sun-flushed snows forty miles to the east, and at the palpitating heat haze of the plains fifty miles to the west; and his heart sank. He wished to stay in Simla, to continue his wooing, and he knew too well the torments that were in store for him in Girdhauri. His nerve was broken. The coolness, the dances, the dinners that were to come, the scent of the Simla pines and the wood-smoke, the canter of horses' feet on the crowded mall, turned his heart to water.

He could have wept passionately, like a little child, for his lost holiday and his lost love, and, like a little child baulked of its play, he became filled with cheap spite that can only hurt the owner. The men at the club were sorry for him, but he did not want to be consoled with. He was angry and afraid. Though he recognized the necessity of the injustice that had been done to him, he conceived that it could all be put right by yet another injustice, and then . . . and then somebody else would have to do his work, for he would be out of it for ever.

He reflected on this while he was hurrying down the hill-sides, after a last interview with the pretty girl to whom he had said nothing that was not commonplace and inconclusive. This last failure made him the more angry with himself, and the spite and the rage increased. The air grew warmer and warmer as the cart rattled down the mountain road, till at last the hot stale stillness of the plains closed over his head like heated oil, and he gasped for breath among the dry date-palms at Kalka. Then came the long level ride into Umballa, the stench of dust which breeds despair, the lime-washed walls of Umballa station, hot to the hand, though it was eleven at night, the greasy rancid meal served by the sweating servants, the badly trimmed lamps in the oven-like waiting room, and the whining of innumerable mosquitoes. That night, he remembered, there would be a dance at Simla. He was a very weak man.

That night Hamerton sat at work till late in the old Simla Foreign Office, which was a rambling collection of match-boxes packed away in a dark by-path under the pines. One of the wandering storms that run before the regular breaking of the monsoon had wrapped Simla in white mist. The rain was roaring on the shingled, tin-

patched roof, and the thunder rolled to and fro among the hills, as a ship rolls in the seaways.

Hamerton called for a lamp and a fire to drive out the smell of mould and forest undergrowth that crept in from the woods. The clerks and secretaries had left the office two hours ago, and there remained only one native orderly, who set the lamp and went away. Hamerton returned to his papers, and the voice of the rain rose and fell. In the pauses he could catch the crunching of rickshaw wheels and the clatter of horses' feet going to the dance at the Viceroy's. These ceased at last and the rain with them. The thunder drew off muttering towards the plains, and all the dripping pine-trees sighed with relief.

"Orderly!" said Hamerton. He fancied that he heard somebody moving about the rooms.

There was no answer, except a deep-drawn breath at the door. It might come from a panther prowling about the verandahs in search of a pet dog, but panthers generally snuffed in a deeper key. This was a thick, gasping breath, as of one who had been running swiftly, or lay in deadly pain.

Hamerton listened again.

There certainly was somebody moving about the Foreign Office. He could hear boards creaking in far-off rooms, and uncertain steps on the rickety staircase. Since the clock marked close upon midnight, no one had a right to be in the office.

Hamerton had picked up the lamp, and was going to make a search, when the steps and the heavy breathing came to the door again, and stayed.

"Who's there?" said Hamerton. "Come in!"

Again the heavy breathing, and a thick, short cough.

"Who relieves Haydon?" said a voice outside.

"Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. He can't go till he is relieved. Who relieves Haydon?"

Hamerton dashed to the door and opened it to find a stolid messenger from the telegraph office, breathing through his nose, after the manner of natives. The man held out a telegram. "I could not find the room at first," he said. "Is there an answer?"

The telegram was from the station-master at Umballa, and said—"Englishman killed. Up-mail 42. Slipped from



platform. Dying. Haydon. Civilian. Inform Govt."

"There is no answer," said Hamerton, and the man went away, but the fluttering whisper at the door continued — "Haydon! Haydon! Who relieves Haydon? He must

not go till he is relieved. Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. For pity's sake be quick!"

Hamerton thought for a minute of the pityfully short roster of men available, and answered quietly: "Flint, of Degauri." Then and not till then did the hair begin to rise on his head, and Hamerton, secretary to Government, neglecting the lamp and the papers, went out very quickly from the Foreign Office into the cool, wet night. His ears were tingling with the sound of a dry death rattle, and he was afraid to continue his work.

Now, only the gods know by whose design and intention Haydon had slipped from the dimly lighted Umballa platform under the wheels of the mail that was to take him back to his district, but since they lifted the pestilence on his death, we may assume that they had proved their authority over the minds of men, and found one man in India who was afraid of present pain.

My Long Lost Love.

SONG BY FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY,
Author of "The Midshipmite," "The King's Highway," etc.

MUSIC BY HARRY J. MAY.

PIANO.



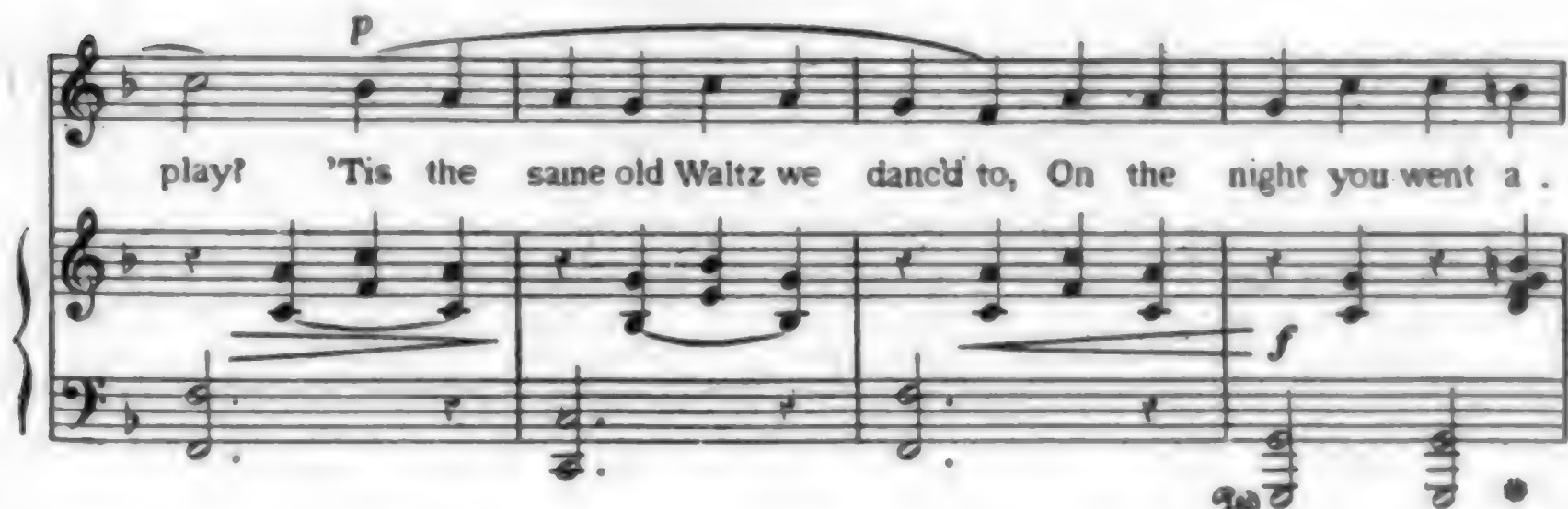
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

con espress. *cres.*



The first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of one flat, and common time. It begins with a *con espress.* marking and a *cres.* marking. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and common time. The lyrics are: "Do you hear the mus.ic sounding, Do you know the tune they

p



The second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of one flat, and common time. It begins with a *p* marking. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and common time. The lyrics are: "play? 'Tis the same old Waltz we danc'd to, On the night you went a .



The third vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of one flat, and common time. It begins with a *p dolce* marking. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and common time. The lyrics are: "way When we float.ed to the mus.ic, And you held me close and

fast. *j* And we felt that night my Dar - ling, Would

mf

dim. *p* *cres.* *rall* hap - ly be our last, And we felt that night my Dar - ling Would

mf

dim *Tempo di Valse* hap - ly be our last. Oh my long lost Dar - ling

dim. *pp*

gr

cres ling, Thro' the lone - ly years..... Have you e - ver miss'd

pp

MY LONG LOST LOVE.

61

dim. *cres.*

me, Since that night of tears!..... Has your heart re-mem

f

ber'd All the joy we knew,.... Long a go to -

p

geth . er Dar - ling, I and you

p *mf*

lento e rit.

Come and watch the star . light

p *pp*

shin - ing, On the ten - der throb - bing sea Where you

cres.

cantabile.

cantabile

told me that you lov'd me, And you gave your heart to

accel. agitato.

dim.

me. While the mus - ic fades to si - lence And the world seems far a

rit. p

pp

part. And I - know that you are near me, For I

a tempo

cres

f

cres

feel your beat . ing heart, And I know that you are

This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

rit. near me for I feel your beat . ing heart Oh my

dim . e . rit. *pp* *Tempo di Valse*

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a melisma. The piano accompaniment features a change in texture. The tempo marking 'Tempo di Valse' appears at the end of the system. Dynamic markings include 'rit.', 'dim . e . rit.', and 'pp'.

long lost Dar - ling Af - ter all the tears

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a melisma. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent texture.

cres Mine at last for e . ver *dim.* Thro' the gold . en

p

This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a melisma. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. Dynamic markings include 'cres', 'dim.', and 'p'.

years,..... Oh 'tis worth the wait . . . ing,.....

f

worth the wea . ry pain, Thus to know you love me,

f

Thus to meet a . gain..... Thus to know you

f

love me, Thus to meet..... a . gain!.....



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9ft. 3in. × 8ft. 3in. ...	1	5	6	13ft. 3in. × 11ft. 3in. ...	2	10	0
10ft. 3in. × 8ft. 3in. ...	1	8	0	14ft. 3in. × 11ft. 3in. ...	2	14	0
10ft. 9in. × 9ft. 9in. ...	1	16	0	15ft. 0in. × 10ft. 6in. ...	2	12	6
11ft. 3in. × 8ft. 3in. ...	1	14	6	15ft. 6in. × 10ft. 6in. ...	2	14	0
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9ft. 0in. × 9ft. 0in. ...	2	2	9	12ft. 0in. × 10ft. 6in. ...	3	6	6
10ft. 0in. × 9ft. 0in. ...	2	7	6	12ft. 0in. × 12ft. 0in. ...	3	16	0
11ft. 0in. × 9ft. 0in. ...	2	12	9	13ft. 6in. × 12ft. 0in. ...	4	5	6
12ft. 0in. × 9ft. 0in. ...	2	17	0	15ft. 0in. × 12ft. 0in. ...	4	15	0

PAISLEY CARPETS.

Protected by Trade Mark and Registered.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
9ft. 0in. × 7ft. 6in. ...	1	12	0	13ft. 6in. × 10ft. 0in. ...	3	5	0
10ft. 6in. × 9ft. 0in. ...	2	6	0	14ft. 0in. × 11ft. 0in. ...	3	18	0
12ft. 0in. × 9ft. 0in. ...	2	13	6	15ft. 0in. × 12ft. 0in. ...	4	9	0

The Queen says:—"The writer of this note had a year's experience of Cheviot Carpets, and finding them wear well and look well, has every reason to be satisfied."

Avoid Imitations made with a mixture of Cotton or Jute.

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